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The USSR and the Battle for the Existence of Indigenous Countyhumans

These newspapers and newsreels were compiled by the Countryhumans History and Research Archival Project, in conjunction with countryhuman experts Ailbhe O'Brien, Dr. Professor Zagajewski Zuboly, and Aili Vuorenmaa to draw attention to a little-known modern campaign to deny the existence of certain countryhumans.

The subject of these propaganda newsreels and newspapers is condemned by everyone involved, and the experts would like to draw attention to the long documented histories of indigenous countryhumans.

Published in the Правда, 15 April 1933, Translated from Russian by Anastasiya Volkova of the Countryhumans History and Research Archival Project

WESTERN SPY CAUGHT IMPERSONATING PERSONIFICATION IN PLOT TO KILL KARELIAN ASSR AND LENINGRAD OBLAST

On 13 April 1933, the Militsiya discovered two women in the Leningrad Oblast, claiming to be the personifications of nations meant to replace the Karelian ASSR and Leningrad Oblast. The women were attempting to incite riots and bring about an uprising meant to kill the Leningrad Oblast and the Karelian ASSR. A search of their home discovered capitalist leaders supported the plot as a land grab for capitalist nations, allowing them to gain a foothold inside the USSR. The two women and over a thousand co-conspirators were arrested.

The Militsiya think this is only the first of many plots to try to assassinate personifications and replace them with human fakes. They encourage anyone with information on "personifications" not recognized by the Supreme Soviet of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to bring the information to the Militsiya so they can prevent more of these plots.

The Karelian ASSR and Leningrad Oblast have been brought to Moscow under the protection of their Father, the Russian SFSR, in order to prevent any attacks from succeeding. When questioned, they expressed their disgust at the plot.

"We expect to be targeted by capitalist plots from Finland, but what we don't expect is these spies to have the audacity to impersonate nations to add legitimacy to their claims. It is a disgusting tactic that insults all countryhumans, as well as a dangerous plot and one that I will ensure is prevented to the full extent of my power." Karelian ASSR stated, voice strong despite the recent threat to his life. He showed no fear and encouraged his people to do what they could to turn in more false personifications.

"The plot was so disgusting in its lack of respect for all countryhumans. I'm surprised by the gall to go through with it. We will do everything we can to prevent this, not only for the safety of our people but to preserve the integrity of the real nations born to ensure Russia a prosperous future." Leningrad Oblast testified to the government as he called for a new law to prevent the impersonation of personifications.

The USSR says that the imposters will most likely try to pretend to be personifications of ethnic groups personified by the subdivisions of the USSR as a way to undermine the USSR's subdivisions and gain control of large amounts of land. He encouraged the nation to stay strong and said that this plot, now that it has been discovered, will no longer pose any significant threat to any personifications.

Published in the Правда, 20 April 1933, Translated from Russian by Anastasiya Volkova of the Countryhumans History and Research Archival Project

CAPITALIST PLOT TO DESTROY SOVIET PERSONIFICATIONS FOILED

Another co-conspirator in the plot to assassinate countryhumans has failed, and another arrest was made in the Karelian ASSR. The woman was found with many plans to assassinate the Karelian ASSR, stolen weapons, and a letter to Finland asking for the nation to annex the Karelian ASSR. The Militsiya have begun investigating her neighbors to see if they can discover more information on the plot or the locations of any more impostor countryhumans.

The threat has been contained to the Karelian ASSR and the Leningrad Oblast. However, officials warn that the plans could spread to other parts of the USSR and warn people to look out for their communities and personifications.

The Karelian ASSR personally assisted in the arrest, claiming that he was not going to be intimidated by the threats to his life, and once again called for a law banning people from impersonating personifications.

"It is not the threat to my life that concerns me, but the insult to countryhumans worldwide. We live and struggle through so much pain to provide for our people, and people take our existence as a tool to attack each other. It is the vilest plot, and I strongly encourage my brother's government to pass a law banning this action."

The USSR was not available for comment, although the Russian SFSR and Moscow Oblast hinted that the government had plans to enact the law all personifications of the USSR have been calling for.

Published in the Правда, 20 May 1933, Translated from Russian by Anastasiya Volkova of the Countryhumans History and Research Archival Project

NEW LAW BANNING IMPERSONATIONS OF ANY PERSONIFICATIONS-REAL OR FAKE

A law heavily supported by the personifications of the USSR has just been passed, protecting the countryhumans from the rise of imposters who have been attempting to assassinate them for control of their land. The law states that anyone caught impersonating a countryhuman, regardless of their intention, will be convinced of treason and can face life in prison or even a death sentence. While it is a harsh punishment, the government hopes that this law will provide the countryhumans with the security they need.

"The punishment is harsh, yes, but that is because these people have done nothing but attempt to hurt my family." the Russian SFSR said, "This law allows our country to protect my family and further us secure ourselves as a nation against the capitalist threat that seeks to hard to destroy us."

The three imposters arrested last month will now face trial under this new law. All three have confessed to their plots and will be tried in a few days. More reports of imposters have come in, and under the new law, the Militsiya has begun investigations.

The Militsiya warns that just because this law is in place does not mean the threat is over and encourages citizens to keep an eye out for more imposters.

Newsreel from Центральное телевидение СССР, aired 11 December 1933, Transcribed and Translated from Russian by Anastasiya Volkova of the Countryhumans History and Research Archival Project, with descriptions of the video to provide for easier understanding.

The video starts with a line of three men with faces painted to look like countries.

(Transcribers Note: The flags are not ones any of the experts were able to track down as belonging to any known Russian indigenous personification, and to their best understanding, the flags were invented for the purpose of this propaganda video)

A hose sprays down the three men, washing off the paint and

revealing human faces. The camera then pans away from them to the Crimean Oblast and the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic.

(Transcriber's Note: now known today as the Autonomous Republic of Crimea and Ukraine. At the request of Ukraine, they will be called by their Soviet-era names for the rest of the transcript)

Their faces are blank and emotionless. Despite their well-made clothes, both look skinny and underfed, a result of Holodomor.

Ukrainian SSR [stepping towards the humans, voice confident]: This attempt at the lives of me and my people, my family, is a terrible and disgusting plot. You show no shame nor any dignity towards the lives of your countrymen or your countries.

Crimean Oblast just stands there, but her right-hand shakes. The camera then pans to another human, standing tall and proud with a large smile.

Ukrainian SSR [off-screen]: This brave citizen reported your actions and provided us with the information we needed to catch you. I thank her not only for her service to her country but also for saving the lives of my daughter, Crimean Oblast, and me.

The camera then turns back to the humans pretending to be countries where they have been handcuffed and are being carried away by the NKVD.

Ukrainian SSR [off-screen]: May our country stay forever strong against capitalist threats!

Recording of an Interview with Ukraine, 18 January 2021, Transcribed by Ailbhe O'Brien.

[start recording]

Interviewer: 18 January 2021. Interview with Ukraine on Soviet Propaganda meant to discredit Indigenous Personifications. Thank you for your time, Mr. Ukraine.

[papers shuffling, Interviewer coughing]

Ukraine: *Prošu, buď laska*. I am glad you reached out to me. I...I do not want to have the things I did as the *Radianska Sotsialistychna Respublika* be what I am remembered as. I want to explain myself.

Interviewer: Well, that is what we are for. [clears throat] Now, would you like to start, or would you like prompt questions?

Ukraine: I'm interested in your questions, although I might not always have answers.

Interviewer: That's alright. Now, I assume it was not your decision to partake in the propaganda videos.

Ukraine: No, most propaganda stuff I participated in, I was coerced into doing. *Rosiya* and *Soyuz Radyans'kykh Sotsialistychnykh Respublik* planned most of them. As the subdivisions, we were essential in their creation, as we helped...uh...show that more of the country was behind the ideals in them. No matter how much we disliked the contents, you didn't have a choice. Free will was not something we were allowed to have.

Interviewer: What happened if you didn't agree?

Ukraine [short laugh, bitter]: You did not have a choice. Even if you tried to disagree...[breathing heavy]

Interviewer: We can move on–

Ukraine: *Ni!* I can do this. Even if you tried to disagree, you would still be made to do it, one way or another. Even though, as the *Radianska Sotsialistychna Respublika,* I was not a colony by law, we...all of us...all...you were still under his control. And he had ways of making you listen. By then...by then most of us were too scared to speak against him. You feared for yourself and your people, and being manipulated like that, isolated and born into a terrible environment [Ukraine's voice cracks]...you did bad things to just...feel safe, to stop the pain.

[Silence for about ten seconds.]

Interviewer [voice gentle]: Would you like another question?

Ukraine [Voice slightly teary]: *Tak*.

Interviewer: Did you know what you were filming was planned?

Ukraine [snort of laughter]: Of course I did. It was all *nisenitnytsya*. Propaganda videos we were in were always staged.

Interviewer: How did you react when you heard about what the 11 December 1933 video was going to be about?

Ukraine: I was probably not as horrified as people expect me to be. *Soyuz Radyans'kykh Sotsialistychnykh Respublik* hated personifications in his country that weren't his to control, so indigenous personifications were always a target of his. Creating actual propaganda to find out where they were and either kill them or lock them up was a logical next step for him. That's the thing about *Soyuz*. For all his power, he lived in fear. That fear is why so many of us were hurt.

Interviewer: Have you ever been able to apologize to targeted countryhumans for your role, however forced, in this plot?

Ukraine: *Ni*. Most of them live off the grid now or as humans. They're very hard to find because of what happened. I...[Ukraine pauses for fifteen seconds as fingers drum the table] I want to, but I'm not sure how realistic that will be.

Interviewer: Why not?

[Ukraine laughs]

Ukraine: Apologies aren't really something we do. Besides, as I said, they stick to themselves now as a result of this. Given the chance, I'll apologize for the videos I'm in, but as I said, this wasn't my plan. There are two people they'd want an apology from, and one's dead, and the other gave a flimsy one years ago and now thinks he's in the clear.

Interviewer: You're talking about Russia and the Soviet Union,

correct?

Ukraine [dryly]: What gave it away? In any case...the legacy of those policies is going to affect Russia's people, affect the people of all the former *Sotsialistychna Respublika* for a long time. My people believe in them now, the governmentless ones, but there are still many conspiracy theorists in my land and abroad who believe in the lies we told almost a hundred years ago.

Interviewer: I've seen quite a few of those conspiracy theorists before. One of them attempted to break into a CRAP office to "destroy information about fake countryhumans" in reference to a few interviews done with the indigenous countryhumans Aleut and Haida. I didn't realize that conspiracy theory originated with the Soviet propaganda.

Ukraine: Oh, I'm sure it existed long before *Soyuz* made it law. I think we just worsened it. Do you have any more questions?

Interviewer: I have more, just not about the propaganda. Do you want to do those now or arrange a different time to talk about your life?

Ukraine: I think that is an interview I would like to do later when I have more time to prepare myself [Ukraine laughs]. I didn't have a happy life, and I'm really only willing to talk about the propaganda today.

Interviewer: Understandable. It was nice meeting you, Mr Ukraine.

[inaudible, recording ends]

Newsreel from Центральное телевидение СССР, aired 14 February 1934, Transcribed and Translated from Russian by Anastasiya Volkova of the Countryhumans History and Research Archival Project, with descriptions of the video to provide for easier understanding.

The USSR is sitting behind a desk with a small smile.

USSR: Hello, citizens of my country. I am sure that most of you are aware of the past threats to my life and the lives of my brothers, Karelian ASSR and Leningrad Oblast, from imposters pretending to be countries hoping to kill and replace us. While it is nice to think that the threat is over with the new law's passage, it is not. The Militsiya has found evidence that this threat is still very much present and still puts my family's safety at risk. That is why I ask you, my people, my comrades, to keep an eye out for these threats and to do what you can to make our home safe from all those who wish to destroy it. These imposters think they can destroy us, and I know you can prove them all wrong.

———————————

Recording of an Interview with Leningrad Oblast, 20 January 2021, Transcribed and Translated from Russian by Anastasiya Volkova of the Countryhumans History and Research Archival Project.

[start recording]

Anastasiya [in English]: 20 January 2021. Interview with Leningrad Oblast on Soviet Propaganda meant to discredit Indigenous Personifications.

Anastasiya: Hello, Mr. Leningrad Oblast.

Leningrad Oblast: Hello, ma'am. Please, call me Leningrad. We're here to discuss the...propaganda created to discredit the indigenous countryhumans, correct?

Anastasiya: Yes, we are. Thank you for coming. And, if you don't mind, can I ask a favor?

Leningrad Oblast [nervously]: Father won't do an interview. His government has banned him from it. They don't know I'm doing this, actually.

Anastasiya [alarmed, concerned]: We don't have to do this if it'll–
[cut off by Leningrad Oblast laughing]

Leningrad Oblast: Don't worry, I'll be okay.

Anastasiya: Are you sure?

Leningrad Oblast: Yes, I'm sure. Now, the questions?

Anastasiya: Ah, yes. Now, we have heard from others that it was not their decision to participate in the propaganda. Was it your decision, or were you also coerced into doing it?

Leningrad Oblast: Not as much as the more ethnic subdivisions were. They had more division, more hate for the USSR and my father. I was more willing to follow my father and brother into whatever plan they had. I...I genuinely believed I was helping people.

Anastasiya: I know that many of the indigenous personifications and their people were also your people. Were you not affected by their opinion?

Leningrad Oblast [sadly]: Of course I was...they were still my people at the end of it all. But my father, brother, and the respective governments practically trained us from birth to ignore the calls of our people in favor of whatever they were saying. They called the voices of dissent a sickness, a plague from capitalist nations that they were trying to cure with the deportations. They told us that listening to them did not help them. They compared it to martial law. Do you know how that works?

Anastasiya: I do, yes. Were you taught that the indigenous countryhumans were all fakes?

Leningrad Oblast: I...when I was a child, I believe I knew they were real. But during this time, the schools changed what they taught, and the USSR did everything he could to destroy evidence of their existence. So I forgot, too. Not to mention, it was so ingrained in everything we did; you just believed it. So yes, I was taught they were not real. I believed they were not real. [Leningrad Oblast's voice becomes regretful] No matter the evidence, I was firm in that stance.

Anastasiya: When did you start to think differently?

Leningrad Oblast: Oh, I wish I could say I thought differently during the 1960s and 1980s, but I did not think differently until I saw...I started to believe that other countries could have them, but I did not believe we could until I saw some of them on TV, in newspaper photos, telling the stories of their people and what we did to them. It was like a punch to the face. You think you are protecting your people, both the Russians and the ethnic minorities, by exterminating the fakes. Finding out...no, realizing the truth was hard. I am not so disillusioned to believe I am a good man, but in that moment, it really hit me that I am not a good man.

Anastasiya: Have you ever tried to apologize for it, or even want to?

[Leningrad Oblast sighs, and there is a silence]

Leningrad Oblast: There are two answers I can give. One will make the humans happy. The other is the more... actual reality behind things. So I will provide the best answer I can, prefaced with this. I am not human. I feel emotions and regret, of course, but like all personifications, I express them very differently than humans do. I regret it, of course, and if I got the chance, I would apologize for the suffering. But I will not seek them out to apologize. I thought I was helping my people. I was not trying to kill them. [Leningrad Oblast's voice becomes hard] If the USSR was, then he was trying to kill them, but I was told I was helping my people, and I, perhaps foolishly, believed that. I will not apologize for trying to do the best for my people.

Anastasiya: Thank you for the honesty.

[inaudible]

Anastasiya: And I thank you for your courage.

Leningrad Oblast: Sometimes I wonder if courage is more foolishness. I have seen far too many people do stupid things in the name of courage. However, that is a talk for another time. Anything else?

Anastasiya: Was it easy for you to become convinced of the fact that the indigenous personifications were actually fake?

Leningrad Oblast: I'm...uh...I'm not too sure. Sorry.

Anastasiya: That's alright. Do you have anything else you feel you need to say on this topic?

Leningrad Oblast: No...no, I don't think I do. Thank you for the opportunity.

Anastasiya: Thank you for coming Mr. Leningrad Oblast.

[end recording]

Recording of an Interview with Izhoria, 21 January 2021, Transcribed and Translated from Izhorian and Finnish by Aili Vuorenmaa.

[start recording]

Interviewer: [in English] 21 January 2021. Interview with Izhoria, also known as Izhorians on Soviet Propaganda meant to discredit Indigenous Country Spirits.

Interviewer: Tere, Izorit. Thank you for agreeing to do this. It means a lot to be able to build a more complete record for the archives.

Izhoria: One of us needed to tell our story and tell the world what happened.

Interviewer: If you don't mind, why did you approach us for the interview? No offense to you, of course. This was just a surprise.

Izhoria: It is no trouble on my part. There are already too many lies about my life and that of my daughter. I feel it is only right to have my story recorded. I know you probably have questions, but I would like a moment to talk and explain my side.

Izhoria: North Ingria and I never had any plans to kill Karelia, or Russia, or any of them. We wanted to be left alone in peace to live our own lives. The USSR had been bearing down on us for quite a

while, trying to make us become Russians or accusing us of being spies. It was them being insecure about the fact that they couldn't control all the Finnic native personifications. North Ingria and I knew something might happen to our people or us. We didn't expect the witch hunt we got. Even the Russian Empire, as much of an asshole he was, still acknowledged the existence of native personifications. Even the worst people did. They knew we existed, and most didn't try to deny it. But then the police came and arrested North Ingria and me.

Interviewer: Did you know why?

[Izhoria makes a strange noise, almost like a laugh]

Izhoria: I did. We both did. [Izhoria makes a noise almost like her voice breaking but passes so quickly it is hard to tell]. North Ingria was terrified. They seemed to focus more on her than me, presumably because her father was Finland. They called her a spy and said she was reporting things to her father so Finland could come and attack the USSR. I think we both feared for her life.

Interviewer: Was that because she was in contact with her father?

Izhoria: I can't say for sure. The letters were never anything more than familial conversation between a father and daughter, and it was never about anything like trying to restart North Ingria as a country. Neither of us was guilty of anything besides being perceived threats to insecure boys. Our crime was our existence, and in North Ingria's case, trying to keep in touch with her father and little brother after Uhtua passed.

Interviewer: Did you know about the law that would be passed?

Izhoria: Not until a few months later, when Moscow Oblast tried to...convince...me to give up my human name and face so they could monitor me and give me "proper" arrest documents. After all, I wasn't a real personification to them, so they refused to accept documents with *Ižóra*.

Interviewer [shocked]: I thought discussing human names and faces was a taboo for country spirits?

Izhoria: It depends on the countryhuman whether or not that information is given freely. My own opinions on it didn't matter. I would not give them up, not to the people who I knew wanted me dead. When you are threatened, you don't give your enemy a weapon. Moscow Oblast eventually realized I was not giving them up and had me deported.

Interviewer: I know that despite the law eventually being repealed, indigenous country spirits still face hate and people claiming they are fakes. Is that something you've dealt with?

Izhoria: What humans say about my existence does not bother me. I am a very old woman who has been through many things. People will always find reasons to hate what they don't like, and I will not dedicate my time to justifying my existence to them.

Interviewer: I see. Is there anything else you would be willing to discuss with us about North Ingria or yourself?

Izhoria: North Ingria did not deserve to die for who her father was, and neither of us was guilty of any real crime. Is that all you need?

Interviewer: Yes, it is. Thank you for taking the time to speak with us.

[end recording]

Letter received from Ingrian Finns, 13 March 2021, Translated from Finnish by Aili Vuorenmaa.

Countryhumans Research Archival Project,

Hyvää Iltaa, I regret that I am not able to address this subject in person, but I have heard of your latest project from Izhoria and how she testified to your cause. If I understand correctly what your project on the USSR laws is for, I believe it's only fitting that you hear my side of the story as well. I respect Izhoria greatly, but she does not know the full events of what happened to my mother, the personification of North Ingria before me.

The details of her life after Izhoria is a story lost to time, surviving only in the remains of the life I remember.

Where her life ended, mine began. I sincerely hope my story and the information I can provide will assist you in reaching your goal and answer any questions you may have wanted to ask me, including what happened to the personifications that did not survive the oppressive laws.

I was born in 1938, five years after the persecution of indigenous countryhumans became legal.

I was born thousands of miles away from my people's homeland, in the same gulag my mother was killed in, Krasnojarsk. I do not know how she died, and I do not want to find out. I have seen enough in my short life. I do not want to see any more. I was born scared, alone, and in a place I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy.

From birth, I learned to hide, to stay quiet, to avoid drawing eyes on me. My existence was illegal; my mother had been killed for being who she was. If I'd been found out, I would be as well. Anyone who followed me would probably be killed or, worse, taken by Russia and the USSR and forced to forget who they were supposed to be. If they could not kill us, they would control us.

As much as it scared me to be Inkeri, I had to be for my people.

Every day, I tried to help even though I was so young and didn't really know anything. I tried to help, but I was just a kid, alone and scared in a gulag, the only home I had ever known.

In my dreams, I was haunted by the memories of how my mother came to that horrific place and comforted by the faint memories of a happy childhood. It was a confusing and terrifying time. I thank my people's strength for keeping me strong through it all, keeping me going despite the fear and uncertainty and the fact that I was so alone as a countryhuman.

The Soviet countryhumans would not help me, either supporting the plan willingly or being forced to, as they were given no choice but to be whatever was demanded of them. Any indigenous

countryhumans that had been arrested were either dead, were a child like me dealing with the aftermath, or were far away, in another prison. The Soviets tried to keep indigenous countryhumans away from each other, scattered in different prisons, with minor exceptions. I once saw Crimean Tatars in Krasnojarsk (probably arrested for being an imposter, as Crimea existed, but I could never be sure), but I never spoke to him. I feared he would realize what I was and accidentally reveal my existence to the Soviets. As far as the Soviets were concerned, Inkeri was dead, and my survival depended on them continuing to think that.

My survival depended on many things going my way.

I only lived through the help of others. Some were the few people who recognized me for what I was, and others were the people who had just seen a child with no family, name, or home and wanted to help him. Those people were kind in ways I cannot describe. I miss them dearly, as they all passed long ago, but I know they are at peace now, which brings great comfort.

I sometimes wonder if that is odd to those who expect me to be grieving. I think most of the world thinks I am in a constant state of grief, but I am not. It has never helped me once to spend time on grief. It has not helped my people either. If we hadn't had sisu, we wouldn't have survived and would have withered away like they wanted us to.

I might have lived in fear, but I refused to wither away. I was afraid, but my love of life was stronger than that fear. I had many things I wanted to do when–and I do mean when. I always hoped I might be free one day, and I had dreamed about what I could do when my time in the gulag ended.

I wanted to go home, for I was so terribly homesick. That might sound odd to you, as I was born and raised in Krasnojarsk, but I was homesick for Ingria. I was homesick for my people's homeland, a place I had never been to or seen.

I am still homesick for that place, as I have never been able to live there. Part of that is due to Russia's laws, the rest from my fear of him and being killed like my mother was. One day, I hope I can feel

safe enough to live there.

You may ask why I do not go home, why I still fear Russia, despite the end of the USSR and despite the removal of the law that had branded me a spy and traitor since birth. I do not go home because while my people have been given the freedom to, I still find resentment in Russia when I wear my flag.

The law is gone, but many people still consider me an imposter spy. The UNPO, bless her soul, tried to protect me from that hate when I was part of her organization, but I knew it existed. I am used to not being liked. It is simply a part of my life. I cannot stop it, so I ignore it the best I can.

As much as I talk about my lack of grief for a life of tragedy, there are some things I feel and wish that might be easier for you to understand. I wanted for so long, and now still, to be human. While it would not have saved me from the gulag, it would have saved me from the paranoid fear that has controlled my life, the fear that made it hard for me to make friends, to return home permanently, and truly live in the place I have missed.

If you know anything about my time with UNPO, you'll know that I am not a man who speaks often, despite everything I have to say in this letter. I am not mute because of a lack of things to say; I have much I want to share, but I am mute because of the dangers of having a voice. That is why I prefer writing. I can collect my thoughts and be safe from the repercussions of having a voice.

I don't tell you this because I want sympathy or pity. I tell you this because I want my voice to be heard, I want my mother's name to be remembered, I tell you this because I need you to understand. I do not want my pain to be forgotten. I do not want the stories to be left untold.

I am happy you are willing to lend me a voice, lend Izhoria a voice, and ensure we can say our part. I feel indigenous countryhumans and our stories are often overlooked, and to know you will draw attention to such a terrible piece of history brings me some peace.

Maybe, finally, people will understand.

I leave you with that story and the hope that everyone reading this letter will understand me a little bit more. I wish you luck on your project, and I thank you for this opportunity to speak.

Sincerely,

The Countryhuman of the Ingrian Finns

The Trans Experience During WW2

Interview with Australia and South Carolina, 18 April 2022, Transcribed by Toni O'Connell

[recording starts]

Interviewer: Interview with the Countryhumans of South Carolina and Australia about their trans experiences during WW2. Now, it's nice to meet you both.

South Carolina: Likewise.

Australia: Yeah, it's good to meet you, too. I'm glad you let us do this together, even though getting us both in the same place was a pain.

[South Carolina snorts]

South Carolina: Says the country.

Australia: Yes, says the country. Now, do you want to know our full war experiences, or do you want to focus specifically on us being trans?

Interviewer: Whatever you think is relevant to tell the story of your experience.

South Carolina: We met in Papua New Guinea. We were both aware of the other and were both going to be fighting, but we hadn't ever met before. This meant that my first impression of him was him yelling at his general and demanding to fight.

Australia: Yeah, when the Kokoda Track campaign started, I was sent out to Kokoda, and I was expecting to fight like I had during World War One. Instead, my general wanted me to just be there as

a moral booster and a propaganda piece. Damien Parer, the war photographer, got to see more combat than I did! They wouldn't let me fight, and yet they insisted that I be filmed wearing a uniform like I was going to! It was so stupid!

Interviewer: That sounds very frustrating, especially if you fought in the First World War.

Australia: It was. I kept protesting, and eventually, they said I could be a nurse if I wanted to help the soldiers so badly, but that's still not what I wanted. I was often laughed off, but eventually, I convinced them to let me fight. Even then, I was usually kept away from the front lines. I still don't really know if it was because I was born a girl or because they didn't want to risk me getting killed with the fears of an invasion by Japanese Empire.

South Carolina: I eventually got them to let Australia fight by pointing out how many female US states fought in the war and how it just made Australia look weak if she didn't fight.

Australia: That's how our friendship began.

South Carolina: Bitching over sexist idiots. We weren't always fighting together, being in different units, but we met up to talk when we could.

Australia: South and I talked a lot-about our lives and just anything and everything. I had been pen pals with California since the 1850s, but...South was different. I could talk to her and not be judged, and despite our age and differences, we had a lot in common. I could vent to her about how frustrating it was looking like a woman.

South Carolina: Ah, yes, the one you ended by saying, "And it's all so stupid because I'm a man."

Australia: That was more terrifying than any battle of the war.

South Carolina: So you can only imagine Oz's surprise when I told him I was a woman.

Australia: A good surprise. It was nice to know I wasn't alone.

South Carolina: It was also nice that we could both help the other. Oz taught me how to talk more like a girl, pitch, and stuff, and I taught him the same about talking like a man.

Australia: With the funny side effect of us swapping accents.

South Carolina [laughing]: Just like we swapped genders.

Australia: Yep. When I finally had the courage to tell my dad, I think he was more concerned that my "male voice" was American.

South Carolina: North Carolina was the same with me when I came out, although only after a while. I think my siblings were really amused by the Australian accent. I can still do it, too! It's free psychological warfare against my Dad.

Interviewer: If you two were doing that during the war, did either of you attempt coming out to anyone?

Australia: Absolutely not. We trusted each other because the other was like us. I eventually told the other Australians in the 50s, and you obviously know about how I came out publicly in 1970 after my top surgery. Still, during the war, there were bigger concerns.

South Carolina: I think some of my other siblings knew before your public coming out as well, right?

Australia: Cali was told, and that's when she told me that they were neither gender, and I think some of the others on her coast knew, but I'm not sure. Word got around, but not a lot of people acknowledged it, either due to prejudice or just the fact that they didn't know if they were supposed to know. When I came out publicly-now that was a big fuss. Luckily, no one wanted to be the idiot to start World War Three, so no one really said anything in UN meetings, but there was tension for a long time over it.

South Carolina: My coming out was less dramatic.

Australia: Your coming out caused a riot.

South Carolina: Yeah, but fewer countries cared at that point because you were out. I came out to the world and my family about

the same time. Ozzie was a big help in getting me to work up the courage to do so.

Australia: It was the least I could do for all the help you gave me.

Interviewer: I'm glad you two had each other. It seemed like it helped a lot.

Australia: It did. More than words can describe.

Interviewer: How long did you two spend together during the war, since you fought for different units?

Australia: Well, as you might know, after Papua New Guinea, the American high command was...less than eager to have us Aussies fighting with them. They just kinda left us at Papua New Guinea for a lot of the war, and since my prime minister at the time had given the Americans control over the Australian forces, there was little we could do on the Pacific Front, that is. I know many Australian countryhumans transferred to Europe after that, eager for combat, but I felt I had to stay in the Pacific to show my people that just because Japanese Empire had attacked us, that didn't mean we were weak.

South Carolina: My contributions during Papua New Guinea weren't even with a South Carolina unit. I was actually fighting with Michigan and Wisconsin's boys. So when the Americans were going to move on, I asked the high command if I could stay behind and supervise the Australians. It didn't make me popular with them, but it allowed Australia and I to stick together for almost the entirety of the war.

Australia: We didn't do a whole lot of fighting after that, but we got to talk, play around with names we wanted to have, and become a lot more confident in our genders.

South Carolina: Who knew it would take a world war for us to find someone who related to our greatest struggle?

Interviewer: When did you first realize you were trans?

South Carolina: 1751. As a part of the system with Dad and the others-you know about Dad's DID, right?

Interviewer: I do.

South Carolina: Well, because of that, the idea of a woman being trapped in the body of a man wasn't that unfamiliar to me. When I got my body, I prayed to god that he would bless me with a woman's body. Instead, I got stuck with a male body. I always knew, but...I just couldn't, not then.

Australia: For me, it was around the 1870s. I'm not sure what triggered it, but one day, I just kinda woke up and knew I was a man. But I thought it was shameful and sinful and wrong. So, I did my best to bury it down and hide it. Then I met South, and, well, you know that story. But when I met her, I thought, "We're either victims of a kinda discrimination worse than the stuff I face for being a girl, or we're delusion together."

South Carolina: Obviously, as you know, we're both completely delusional.

[Australia and South Carolina both begin laughing, and the Interviewer lets out a small chuckle as well]

Interviewer: I am glad you two found each other. Now, unless you two have anything else you want to discuss, all of my questions have been answered.

South Carolina: I'm good? Ozzie?

Australia: I am good as well. Thank you so much for this opportunity to speak.

Interviewer: Thank y-

[recording ends]

Hawaiian Propaganda

Thank you so much to ApeculiarChild2 for helping me write this. She was a big help in research and bouncing ideas off of and she wrote all of Hawaii's interview. I highly recommend you check her out.

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Propaganda Poster created in March 1942

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[Image Description: At the top of the image are the words "Remember Pearl Harbor...Work~Fight~Sacrifice!!" and at the bottom of the image are the words "We'll remember—and by God, you won't forget!!" The image shows the top part of a globe, without any type of geography, with an image of Hawai‘i lying down on top of the globe. She is noticeably drawn as white, and there is a large knife in her back. Clutching the glove is a racist caricature of a Japanese soldier. The soldier is very monkey-like in appearance. The right hand of the Japanese soldier is dripping blood and being pulled away from Hawai‘i by Uncle Sam's hand. The arm of Uncle Sam is labeled as "130,000,000 United Americans."]

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Recording of an interview of Hawai‘i, 9 September 2022. Interviewed by Mahinanuioalii "Mahina" Wakabayashi of the Countryhumans History and Research Archival Project. Transcribed by Angel Canesta.

[*Start Recording*]

[Shuffling of Papers]

Interviewer: September 9th, 2022. Interview with the State of Hawai‘i about the role of Propaganda in the Second World War. Hello Miss Hawai‘i, my name is Mahina Wakabayashi. It is an honor and a pleasure to be able to meet you face to face.

State of Hawai‘i: It's very nice to meet you, too. Wakabayashi. That's a nice last name. You related to Charlie Boy?

Interviewer: No, Ma'am.

Hawai‘i: Shame, he's a good boy. [Long pause.] So what, I don't get Miss Corbelha to question me about this? I thought Sera would be the questioner, she'd like this kind of information for her editing of that biography she's making. Anyways, what was the topic again?

Interviewer: She wished to, but unfortunately, Sera's schedule didn't allow it. And we are speaking about propaganda during the Second World War, Miss Hawai‘i.

Hawai‘i: Right. Oh, f*ck, I was in quite a few of those films and posters, wasn't I? Don't remember all of them. Those years were very blurry for me, with the martial law and all fogging up my brain.

Interviewer: How exactly did martial law affect you? We know very little from first-hand sources what something on that level of almost mind control to be. What was that like?

Hawai‘i: Sort of like a dream. You vaguely know something's wrong, but you don't question it. You watch, and you don't speak back, and you say, "Yes, Sir, yes, I will let you take photos of me in clothing no man nor woman in the war effort would ever wear." Those stupid little skirts were the bane of my existence.

Interviewer: I completely understand. And what was it like being "woken up"?

Hawai‘i: Am I allowed to be blunt on this thing? It was a nightmare to finally have your mind cleared enough to think about just how fu —I mean, messed up it all was, and then you see all these posters,

all these propaganda pieces are putting back years of work to be respected. Though I suppose it was never a matter of respect at all.

Interviewer: Were you aware of what sort of propaganda was being made, and did you have any say into what was created using your image?

Hawai‘i: Ku‘uipo, most of it I wasn't aware of at all. They took my likeness and ran with it because they were allowed to do so during a time when I couldn't say no to anything. It was patriotic to want to protect the poor little territory woman, and it was patriotic for me to be the face of that. Though, I think the one recurring piece that surprised me the most was all the Avenge Pearl Harbor posters that used the same illustration of me sobbing into my hands. Never knew who drew that.

Interviewer: I have seen some of those pamphlets and posters.

Hawai‘i: It was to pull on the heartstrings. Make you sympathetic. And by God, it worked. Of course, there were a few that depicted me as strong and capable, mostly used in the islands themselves.

Interviewer: It sounds like something you really would have hated.

Hawai‘i: It was. Being completely honest, I would have much rather been on the battlefront in the Philippines. I'd rather have been one of the ones taking them back. Though, Lika was right in benching me, because he knew I'd be reckless. I would have done something stupid.

Interviewer: But it would have been more respectful to you as the territory than what you did do during the War, wouldn't it?

Hawai‘i: In some ways, it would have been. But the homefront needed people. Where would those recaptured territories have gone if not to me? Where would the Polynesian Outliers have gone? Most of the other states or territories available wouldn't have known what to make of them. Of course, I can whine about being a propaganda piece or someone to pose and take pictures with or someone in the dance halls, but in the end, I was a part of the war effort. No matter how humiliating it is.

Interviewer: That sounds like it.

Hawai‘i: It was. Let's talk about something different. Something relating to the topic. Oh, I had mentioned about the dance halls, didn't I?

Interviewer: Yes, you did. I don't understand how that is rela—[Cut off by Hawai‘i]

Hawai‘i: Don't underestimate live people as propaganda. I loved dancing, even the more American dances, especially after the 20s and leading up to the Second World War. I'm rusty on the foxtrot and jitterbug and such. One of the few good things during the war were the dance halls. Oh, lots of haole men there, but there were quite a few cute wāhine as well. I remember learning the men's side of the dances in hopes there would be less men than women one day and I'd get to play the other side for a moment.

Interviewer: I...

Hawai‘i: Oh, there was a girl there, around '35. She looked a bit like you. Didn't end up as anything. And then there was Rachel, Rachel was there a lot during the war times. All young girls, a lot of them ended up as Navy wives. Or Navy mistresses. Oh, I could tell you a story from the War about how my friend became the breaking point for a Naval Officer's messy divorce with his wife in New York.

Interviewer: While I would love to hear about this, I do think we need to stay on topic.

Hawai‘i: Your loss. I'll tell Sera about it at our next Zoom meeting.

Interviewer: Right. Was the fact that you are—and were—noticeably a Person of Colour during this time affect the propaganda in any way?

Hawai‘i: Somewhat, depending on what was being portrayed. In more patriotic illustrations to spur the public into the home effort, because "Hawai‘i is putting her all and so should you!" my eyes were widened, and my lips thinned. My hair was straightened at times, but some liked my wild curls better.

Interviewer: So you were whitewashed for a mainland audience.

Hawai‘i: Yes, though mostly to get rid of more "Asiatic" characteristics. The Japanese were our enemies during the war, so I couldn't look Japanese. A third of my population was Japanese. How could I not look like the enemy while still looking like me? And so they needed me to look the part. I still remember the blonde phase.

Interviewer: The what?

Hawai‘i: I thank God that most of those films are considered lost media in this day and age. There's around, oh, I don't know, maybe twenty old films of me with my bleached hair.

Interviewer: Well, out of those twenty or so, there are few propaganda videos available to the public in archives and sites such as YouTube. What was it like to be involved in the making of those films?

Hawai‘i: I wasn't exactly a willing actor. At the beginning of the war, a few months after martial law started, I was "suggested" by the military government to work with a propaganda film crew. I was "suggested" to get my hair bleached and "suggested" to allow myself to be used as a face for the home to return to.

Interviewer: I don't think I can imagine you with blonde hair, Miss Hawai‘i.

Hawai‘i: Well, it's a piece of trivia I don't tell many people. My face never did look quite right to me after the war, more so than usual. It scared me to see what I'd be like if I was white-passing or even just not as dominantly Asian as I am. My hair was damaged for a long while after. It took me years to get it to look somewhat normal.

Interviewer: That is horrible.

Hawai‘i: It was. Oh well, what can you do when you're unable to say no?

Interviewer: The immediate aftermath of the Second World War

was an ongoing struggle to become a state. Do you think that any of this propaganda from the war furthered or hindered your efforts?

Hawai‘i: I don't really know. I think the "Hulahula Girl" craze of the 50s and 60s wasn't helped by how I was portrayed to the soldiers who were stationed here, and worst off, the Navy. If you know me at all, you know that my history with the United States Navy was less than pleasant for most of my time as an American.

Interviewer: So I have heard. Was the Navy involved at all in the propaganda you were in?

Hawai‘i: Not that I remember. They could have. They wouldn't have told me, anyway. I remember there was this one man who was in nearly all the films I was in, sometimes as a lead, sometimes not. He was in the Navy at one point or another, I think. Charles something. He was... He was kind to me during it all.

Interviewer: That must have been a patch of light for you.

Hawai‘i: He was kind to me because he thought I was weak because I am a woman. But kindness is kindness, all the same, I suppose. I wonder what became of him. I wonder if he was real.

Interviewer: If he was real? But you remember him; he should have existed, right?

Hawai‘i: Remember how I said the martial law era was foggy to me? Nothing is exactly concrete, and I have been assured some of the things I remembered didn't happen. I do hope he was real.

Interviewer: If you would like, after the interview, I can request some of the films we collected for the archive, and we'll see if we can find and identify him. It would be good to know the identities of the people within the films.

Hawai‘i: [Her voice softens] That would be lovely. Thank you, Kuuipo.

Interviewer: It's nothing, Miss Hawai‘i, don't worry. What sorts of films were you in?

Hawai‘i: I'm not someone who's very knowledgeable about types of films, but I know there was at least one full-length movie, several shorts, and a few... Aue, you know, da kine?

Interviewer: PSAs? Public Service Announcements?

Hawai‘i: Exactly what I was thinking about. Propaganda was easy to make. I was restricted to background roles for many, and I am happy for that. I am not an actress and never have been one.

Interviewer: Do you think any of the propaganda was effective?

Hawai‘i: Of course it was. But we would have made it anyway. [Her voice fills with contempt.] Anything to rally the troops to beat Japan. Anything to bring her to her knees and regret touching the perfect little territory woman. Anything to make soldiers care about a territory that was partially the exact race they hated so much.

Interviewer: Your relationship with the Empire of Japan, it was— [question cut off by Hawai‘i]

Hawai‘i: My relationship with that is for another time. When I'm not sober enough to shut you down. Propaganda, right? Any more questions on that?

Interviewer: Sorry for my intrusion, Miss Hawai‘i.

Hawai‘i: It's nothing. Just... What else do you want to know?

Interviewer: That's about it, about propaganda. Thank you so much for your participation, Miss Hawai‘i.

Hawai‘i: It was my pleasure, Kuuipo. Aloha nui loa. I hope this interview gave you the information you seek. So, do I hit this button?

Interviewer: Oh, I can do it. Don't worry about it.

[Shuffling]

[Click]

[End Recording]

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Propaganda video starring Hawai'i believed to have been made in late 1942. Transcribed by Carmen Nielson.

[Video opens up to a blonde Hawai'i sitting at a desk, smiling. It is not a smile that looks fake, but still one that looks wrong.]

Hawai'i [Accent is more typical of a Standard American Accent]: Hello, my fellow Americans. While the young boys of the front are undertaking the war, there are many things that you at home can do to help the war effort. One of the most important things you can do to help our boys is buy war bonds and help ensure that they are well-fed and well-supplied. I hope that all of you will do your part in helping with the war and avenging myself for the cowardly attack on myself by the Empire of Japan.

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Propaganda video starring Hawai'i believed to have been made in early 1942. Transcribed by Carmen Nielson.

[Video opens up to Hawai'i lying in a hospital bed, with bandages wrapped around her arms and head. Her hair is not blonde. Hawai'i looks to be in pain, but the expression seems forced]

Hawai'i [smiling]: The cowardly attack against me by Japan has left me injured and broken. I am unable to defend myself in my time of need. I ask of you, able-bodied men of America, to join our forces in defending the coward and defending me from any future attack. I plead for your help and your assistance. I know that you, brave men of America, can defeat this threat and bring peace back to my islands.

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Recording of an Interview with America and Caleb, alters of the "US System," 18 September 2022, Interviewed and Transcribed by Carmen Nielson of the Countryhumans History and Research Archival Project.

[recording begins]

Interviewer: Hello. It's nice to meet you. All of you...sorry, I have never met anyone with DID before, and I hope I do not offend anyone.

America: It's alright, we don't mind, so long as you aren't trying to be rude. My name is America, and I am the one currently fronting right now. Caleb is close right now, and we might switch. We'll be sure to let you know if that does happen. I also might start dissociating during the interview, so if I start doing that, just give us time.

Interviewer: Okay, thank you. Now, onto the subject of today's interview, World War Two propaganda involving the State of Hawai‘i.

America: Not my proudest moment. Of course, I was never involved in the making of the propaganda, being busy with war, but...I was the reason why Hawai‘i even went along with it in the first place, with martial law and my orders for her to stay on her islands and not fight.

Interviewer: Why did you order her to do that?

America [with a sigh]: Because she's a hothead, because she was friends with Japanese Empire because I didn't want her to be hurt. It was a whole mix of reasons. I admit I was motivated some by my initial feelings after the attack. Guåhan, my daughter, had been captured by the Japanese Empire, and my son was in the Philippines, a place that all my prewar military plans planned to abandon. I...[America lets out a deep breath] I was losing too many people, and I thought that if I let her fight, she would become lost to me as well. And I can't stand that.

Interviewer: So you made her stay against her will?

America: Yes, I did. Not everyone agreed with me, and if it wasn't for the fact that the universe can somehow tell when I'm fronting, I'm pretty sure James would have stopped it.

Interviewer: What? What does that mean?

America: Martial law commands can only be given by two entities. One is obvious: the military government. As long as someone is a part of that government, they can command the personification. The second, if applicable, is the...country in charge? Not sure how to word that. But basically, if the personification is a statehuman like Hawai‘i, then I, as the country she is a part of, can also command her. It doesn't just work for states but also any form of subdivision under martial law. That being said, even though we all share the same body, if one of the others is fronting, they can't command Hawai‘i. James tried so she could fight, but it didn't work. It only works when I am fronting. I guess...I guess since I'm the only one here who's actually the country. It makes sense, but it's odd that whatever martial law control is, it can tell who's fronting.

Interviewer: That's...really interesting.

[America gives a little laugh]

America: It is, yeah. But after I gave Hawai‘i that order, I just...I ignored her and her land. I got so focused on the war and doing what was needed for that, which was a lot of diplomacy with the other Allies. I never commanded her to do anything else, and the military government wasn't going to change the commands.

Interviewer: Could they have done that?

America: Of course, they could. They are the true ones that were in control of Hawai‘i. While I could do a little as the country, martial law, and its control originated with them. They always have more power relating to it.

Interviewer: That's...worrying for you guys, I bet.

America: It was, yes. Now, we have gotten a bit off-topic, and while I don't have much to say about the effect of martial law and propaganda on Hawai‘i, not stuff that I feel comfortable sharing, Caleb has some things he would like to talk about involving that.

Interviewer: Caleb being on of your alters, correct?

America: Yes. He's here right now, so I'm going to let him come up front.

[There is a pause of about ten seconds]

Caleb [The accent now being used differs from the Standard American one being used by America and is instead a Georgian accent]: Hello, Ms. Nielsen. My name is Caleb, he/they. I'm a human alter and one of the alters that is closer to Hawai‘i.

Interviewer: Nice to meet you, Caleb.

Caleb: I know these are meant to be interviews with countryfolk, so I apologize for intrudin', but I just had to say my part.

Interviewer: You are a part of the same...system as America, so I think you are close enough to count for these interviews. After all, you have spent your entire life sharing a body, and a more human perspective on country things is never a bad thing.

Caleb: Good. Well, I hated the martial law. It changed Wai. It made her less her. It's hard to explain, I think, but it was like watching her get drained of who she was and replaced by a shitty-ass copy of herself, pardon my French.

Interviewer: What do you mean by that?

Caleb: I mean, her culture got turned into a product, and her the advertisement. She...she was a hothead, and now she wasn't. She fought for herself, and now she would lie down and let others walk all over her. It was wrong. It wasn't her. She...she would say she was fine, but then do something so horrifically out of character. She was blonde, for fuck's sake! I didn't see it much, as America was ordered away, but what I did see was...disturbing to me.

Interviewer: Why did it affect you so much? What about it made it disturbing?

Caleb: I...spent so much of my life pretending to be America. We

had to so we could be normal. So...it...it reminded me of that, except instead of being done out of necessity like it was with America and me, it was done out of a desire to warp Hawai'i into a docile little white American. It wasn't done to protect her or anyone else. It was just done to control her. It's...it's horrific that humans can be granted that kind of control over a person.

Interviewer: Do you think this propaganda and martial law changed Hawai'i?

Caleb: How could it not? Martial law will always warp the person it's on. [Caleb sighs] Especially if, after martial law, the social environment wants to enforce wherever change was made. That's what—

[Caleb cuts himself off suddenly, and there are a few moments of silence]

Interviewer: Caleb?

Caleb: Mmm...sorry. James didn't want me to talk about that. Sorry. But...uh...it's hard to get over that. I'm not going to speak for Hawai'i...but that changed her and hurt her—a lot. She burned a lot of it, the paper stuff. She destroys it when she can. She doesn't want to remember. But I can't seem to forget.

Interviewer: Is there anything else you would like to talk about?

Caleb: Nothing that wouldn't get us off topic. I...there's lots to say about Hawai'i and how we as a system and as a country have treated her and changed her. I think that it is better to leave it for another time. Or, you know, for that biography that that one woman is doing.

Interviewer: Well then, thank you for coming, Caleb and America.

Caleb: It was our pleasure.

[recording ends]

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Propaganda Poster created in March 1942

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[Image Description: A World War Two Era propaganda poster that says "Remember Pearl Harbor" at the top and "Buy War Bonds" at the bottom. The image itself consists of a racist caricature of a Japanese man holding out an olive branch that says "Peace" on it. The Japanese man has an image of the Nazi swastika on his right shoulder. In front of the Japanese man is Hawai‘i, with her hair cut short and colored blonde. She looks white in the image. Behind Hawai‘i is a large knife labeled "Dec. 7th," being welded by an arm with sharp fingernails labeled "Jap Treachery." On the hilt of the knife is the Nazi swastika.]

Love Letters between Ancient Tahiti and France

This collection of letters was compiled after the French Republic reached out to the Countryhumans Research Archival Project in order to set the record straight on her relationship with the Countryhuman of Ancient Tahiti. France and Ancient Tahiti were lovers and despite the evidence proving that, many historians choose to describe them as "very good friends" because they are both women. France, annoyed by this, has given us photocopies of many of the letters exchanged, as well as an interview discussing the course of their relationship, so we can, in her words, "make those homophobic historians see what really happened."

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Recording of an Interview with France, 28 February 2022, Transcribed and Translated from French by Pierre Roux.

[Start recording]

Interviewer: Interview with the Countryhuman of France about her relationship with the Countryhuman of Ancient Tahiti. Good morning, France. I must thank you again for contacting us about wanting an interview.

France: Of course I did. If people are going to be idiots and assume that I am a straight woman who didn't spend the first twenty years of my life in a relationship with a woman, and a woman of color at that, I'm going to make sure no one pretends to be confused about the nature of our relationship anymore.

Interviewer: People could always just not listen to the interview. While we aren't as obscure as we used to be, people might not want to learn.

France: Ugh, of course, humans wouldn't. It's these kinds of

circumstances that led to me castrating Napoleon back in...1812, I think it was?

Interviewer [shocked]: You did WHAT?

France [smugly]: They don't teach you that in your history classes, do they? Now, back to my Tahiti. Oh, that was a time. I was a new nation and eager to prove my worth. It didn't help that many people believed I should follow the example of the France before [Transcribers Note: Referring to the Kingdom of France] and be a country that stays at home and makes the government look all pretty. I would not do that. I was born of blood and struggle, and that is the life I wanted. After the War of the First Coalition, when I had proven myself as a republic and as a countryperson, my government wanted me to rapidly expand my knowledge of the world. The one before may have been a fool and a coward, but she had been more traveled and educated than me, and my government wanted to rectify that. Not to mention, they were getting a lot of hate for having a female nation on the front lines, and they wanted me out of the way.

Interviewer: Did they choose to send you to Tahiti?

France: They wanted me in Egypt, but I had heard stories of the Oceania isles, and I was curious, so I decided we would go there, and I could Go back to my land once I was tired and done there.

Interview: And by Go, you mean—

France: The teleportation, yes. When I first arrived in Tahiti in 1798...well, I should start by saying I was born when the Catholic church was banned in my land. So, while many of my people were Catholics, my government supported that stupid religion that had been invented, and I, in the chaos of that, would not practice anything. I started practicing Catholicism after Napoleon came into power. So...1800, 1801, perhaps. That is why, when I first saw my Tahiti, I did not feel my crush, and my love for her was a sin. That silly idea had not been taught to me.

Interviewer: So, you have always been comfortable with your queerness?

France [laughing]: Oh, Pierre, I have always been comfortable with myself. I know who I am, even if everyone else doesn't.

Interviewer: How did your relationship start?

France: Ah, poorly. I would love to paint myself as being suave and sexy in this, but I was a lovestruck fool, and I won't distort history to save face. Besides, you'll get my letters. I was...perhaps a little too desperate for her love. But my Tahiti had this grace about her, that confidence and power, and she was awe-inspiring. She was beautiful, too. Her people called her a goddess, and I believed it. She was more beautiful than Aphrodite, a goddess of beauty to make all others jealous. In my mind, then and now forever, she was the image of exquisite perfection.

Interviewer: It sounds like you really loved her. But what was the start of your relationship?

France: Ah, right. Well, I was very confident at the time, perhaps overconfident, and I was convinced that Tahiti would be impressed by me. I wanted to impress her because I felt I could not live up to her centuries of life. Tahiti, I think she found me funny at first. She had an air of power like any empire, an air that drew you in and made you admire her power, and I watched her twist many people around her finger with just a few short words. She was so beautiful in those moments when her beauty became a deadly kind of power.

Interviewer [concerned]: That sounds like a red flag.

France: There are details about this relationship that would horrify humans and would be seen as abusive. But this was a country-country relationship. There are inherently going to be power dynamics put into place. Was it toxic being with her? Maybe. Was she perhaps manipulating me? Maybe. But she made me happy and made me feel loved and adored. It is the same love I feel with human partners. I will not call it toxic because we loved each other, and for a country relationship between a white country and a colored one, it was very, very good. Now, back on topic, Tahiti did not seem interested at first until we grew to know each other more, and she realized that my people would have me...what's a good word...forced, I guess, forced me to give up my affection for

women. I think...she hated that, and she was very eager to support my queerness. That grew into our love. Our collective hatred for people trying to control us.

Interviewer: You began to get along because you were powerful women with similar beliefs.

France: Yes, that is a good way of putting it. I think Tahiti and her people were also what gave me the god complex I had for so long. It was brought on by being around her and her people, being seen as a goddess. Then, I would go home and be told to be a woman, and I hated that. So I began to inflate my ego, which my Tahiti helped to do, as she told me I should be treated like a god. Combined with my religious confusion, I was... pushy, mean, demanding. Part of it was due to the fact that I was not being taken seriously as a woman due to the France from before me, but Tahiti pushed that mindset. World War Two brought me out of that, with...well, you know why. My point is, I think that was the only part I would see as toxic in any way.

Interviewer: Do you think your relationship would have continued if Ancient Tahiti had lived?

France: Yes, I do think so. It never weakened in her final years, and our love only grew stronger. I believe if we had more time it could have lasted many decades more. And even if our relationship had ended, I think we could have remained friends. I have thought much about those what-ifs over the years.

Interviewer: What was the reaction of people who you knew during that time period to your relationship?

France: Hatred, scorn, and...oh, what's the word...hmm...people did not like it, that much was clear. It was used by my enemies in the Napoleonic Wars to attempt to destroy my standing as a country, and it was used by others to treat me as lesser. I was the godless nation, and many people believed that I was never going to be blessed by God. Some even believed that I was not a Holy Angel like the other countries but rather a demon sent by the Devil to plunge France into a godless age and make it the country of sinners and the Devil.

Interviewer: How did that make you feel?

France: I didn't care. Sure, my dear Britain brought it up in almost every conversation, acting like he had some sort of high ground, like he wasn't beating every colony that came under his control, and many of my politicians and leaders attempted to send me to a nunnery or some other religious place to save me from sin. It never worked because they could never keep me there. When I converted to Catholicism, I appeased some, as they believed they had "purified the demon" or some such nonsense, but I never stopped being open about the fact that I was queer. Eventually, the humans gave up. The countryhumans took longer, but they, too, just accepted that they could not change me from who I am and just resorted to using it for barbs and insults like it was insulting to be queer.

Interviewer: Did you know anyone who admired you for being queer at that time?

France: I've had a few people tell me now that it was appreciated, but no one brought it up then; too hesitant to be seen as gay as well. Most preferred the closet then, as I'm sure you know. I think the closest and, mind you, that this was not admiration more of the closest queer experience I had with another properly-recognized nation was with Hawaii.

Interviewer: Don't you two hate each other? I've seen your tweets.

France: I'd like to think we understand each other. But I first met her when she was...starting to be indoctrinated into internalized homophobia. I always tried to convince her to give that up because she had told me about a partner, a female partner, and I...I...I didn't want her to hate herself. We are very close in age, and I felt I could find a...confidant in her, someone who understood. Of course, I was too late; Britain was already in her head. It was a shame, but I still tried.

Interviewer: Wasn't Hawai‘i related to Ancient Tahiti?

France: She is...the niece of my Tahiti. Hawai‘i believed my Tahiti was her grandmother for a long time, however.

Interviewer: Oh, right, there was a significant age gap between you and Ancient Tahiti, right?

France: She was about 2300 years older than me.

Interviewer [shocked]: Holy...did the age gap ever bother you or anyone who knew?

France: The people who knew were more concerned by the fact I was sinning by fucking her. And no, it never bothered me. We countrypeople perceive age much differently than you. A country born yesterday is an adult, while a colony born three hundred years ago is a child. How we view age is based more on status than physical or chronological years. To me, my Tahiti and I were of equal status and, therefore, of similar age.

Interviewer: That's strange.

France: What about us isn't? Is there anything else related to my relationship with Tahiti that you would like to know about?

Interviewer: I know you have only given us a small sample of the surviving letters that you and Ancient Tahiti sent to each other. Is there anything about the letters or your correspondence that might not be covered in the letters provided?

France: Well, we had properly the world's first long-distance relationship.

Interviewer: I don't think that's right.

France: Yes, it is now hush. Much of our relationship was done through letters. We did the letter version of sexting, and we grew as partners through our letters. I was the one to show Tahiti how to travel to that little world that countries only live in, and that allowed us to meet more often and be physically affectionate with one another. Many of the more private letters I will keep to myself, as those words are meant for myself and my Tahiti, but...the ones I gave, I think, will paint an accurate picture of how we grew as lovers.

Interviewer: Thank you for your time. I have no more questions, but

is there anything else you'd like to say?

France: The next person who calls me and my Tahiti "very good friends," I will be suing for defamation.

Interviewer: Agh, alright.

[recording ends]

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Letter from France to Ancient Tahiti, 12 June 1798. Translated from French by Pierre Roux. France says that this is the first letter she ever sent to Ancient Tahiti.

12 June 1798

Countryhuman of Tahiti

I hope you will excuse the lack of formalities in this letter. I have never been one for them, and you do not strike me as a woman who will mind if I am more open in this letter than another else would be. You are an intriguing woman, someone who has captured my thoughts and been the first countryhuman I have met that I would truly classify as holy and godlike. You are filled with a grace and beauty that the countries of Europe could never hope to replicate. I know that we have only known each other for a short time, but I wish that we could get to know each other more. You are more respectful to me than many of the other countryhumans I have met have been, and it is something I appreciate greatly. You recognize me as an equal, an equal in the unique power we share.

I came to your land in hopes of learning more about the world, in hopes of finding someone who appreciates me for who I am and, more importantly knows what I am. My people have not been the kindest nor the most understanding to me. They are unsure what to do with a new France that acts so differently from the old one. I'm sure you understand, after all, you have that countryhuman that so many of your people are determined to see as the new countryhuman for your land, and you must know the scorn that the supporters of that young one give you. However, our commonality

is that we are both the true countryhuman in power over our land, but, unlike you, I am not respected for it. I am treated as if I am a mere human.

I don't know exactly what I am writing this letter for. I want to start a correspondence, yes, but I really need not to bother you with my personal issues. There is just something about you that consumes my thoughts and makes me want to divulge my secrets and troubles to you. I am unsure if it is some power of our nature or simply a feeling that derives from your presence and power that you project, but you are the kind of woman that all women should strive to be. You are a being that could make Aphrodite herself jealous.

I wish you good health and good fortune for all the many hundreds of years to come.

Yours respectfully,

The French Republic

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Letter from Ancient Tahiti to France, approximately 1804. Translated from French by Pierre Roux.

France,

I have heard that you have become involved in another war with the other nations of Europe. I wish you luck with that. While I am unsure of how war is conducted in your land, I know it is very different from mine, so I won't try to offer any advice other than don't be an idiot and use people's perceptions of you as a weapon. Those have always served me well. However, I am confident that you will have victory. You may be young, but you are more competent than many other land spirits I've met.

I will admit I miss your company too. You are entertaining to talk to, and I enjoy getting to share stories and spend time together. It is a shame that our land has to be so far and that delivering letters takes so long. I wish to hear news faster and know what is happening in your land. I know you are having internal problems,

and that, combined with the new war, makes me worry for you. Farāni, I do not want to lose you, not when I have just met you. We have barely begun to know each other in a way that surpasses who we are as goddesses, and I want to think that we could be friends for a long time.

You and I have much in common, and I wish to learn more about your styles of combat and your strange customs. You are fascinating and full of fury and courage that I have seen land spirits twice your age lack. When you return, I wish to learn from you and teach you. I am many hundreds of years old, and in all my years I have never met someone like you. You are strange and in many ways foreign, but that is what I like the most. I have grown somewhat bored and complacent in the repetitive day to day life I have lived here for the past thousand or more so odd years. You bring an excitement to my life that I have not felt in a long time.

I thank you so much for that.

The last thing I wish to talk to you about concerns the captains from your nation, as well as other places in Europe, that visit. They do not speak positively of you, something that concerns me greatly. They do not understand that you are a goddess, that you are above them. They talk about you as if you were a common criminal. They speak as if your bold and fierce nature is a crime. They say they want to drain you of all that you are and turn you into something so terrible I cannot find the words for it.

They speak as if you, in all that you are, are wrong. It is most terrible. I would defend your honor on your behalf, but they respect me less than they respect you, and I know you would much rather fight your own battles. It disgusts me.

I hope you do well in your battles and show those other nations the Fārani that I know.

Tahiti

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Letter from Ancient Tahiti to France, approximately 1812.

Translated from French by Pierre Roux. France informed us that her human name at the time was Catherine, and Ancient Tahiti often used the more Tahitian form of the name, Tatarina, in their letters.

Tatarina,

I am so delighted to hear of what you did to Napoleon. I know you will regret it because he is your leader, and you are you, but you cannot argue that he did not deserve it. He has spent much of his reign trying to deny you your place and your purpose simply because you are a female in a relationship with me. It is against the very nature of the world for him to do that, and I am so happy that you showed him who you are and the consequences of going against the divine. Napoleon already disliked much about you, so it's not like you are losing any sort of respect with the man.

Do not feel guilty about that. It is not your fault, and I find it very amusing.

I have been practicing going to that strange world you showed me how to visit, and it has been very enlightening. I am glad that I now have the skill to be able to visit you more frequently, and be able to share my affection with you outside of just the words we write in these letters. It is far more fun and far better to see you in person. I still write to you, however, because I enjoy doing so, and the power of the written word will never stop being exciting to me. Your past letters also cheer me up, and I can read them when things involving that false god that calls itself a kingdom get rough.

Truth be told, my love, is that I am starting to believe that that kingdom will take my place, like how that Kingdom of Hawai‘i took the place of my son. For the first time in my life, I am beginning to grow worried about the possibility of death. I have met many young countries recently, and it seems like the world is in the middle of a great change, where all the gods of old are being replaced by younger ones. Despite my worries, I ask you not to worry about me. I know you will because your heart is big and you care far too much about others (even if you don't care about what they think of you) and know that even if I do die, it is far from your fault and that you made my last days some of the greatest and most exciting of my

entire life.

I wish that there had not been this great change in the world, that so many people I knew and loved didn't pass, for I wish I could have introduced you to my family the way I have with many of my other partners. I hope that you could have met my children and I yours. But between all those that have passed here and the endless wars you have been caught up in by Europe's refusal to leave you in peace, I fear that that may not be possible for many more years.

I know those years will pass quickly for me, for I, as old as I am, see time so quickly pass. But with you being so young, I know those years will pass by slowly. As you have said many times in past letters, six months is too long for you.

But if time truly does pass by slower for you, then perhaps, if I do only have a few short years left, those will feel like an eternity to you.

With all the love I have to give,

Tahiti

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Letter from Ancient Tahiti to France, approximately 1814. Translated from French by Pierre Roux.

Tatarina, why is it that whenever I hear of you, you are at war? I know that you do not seem eager for it and that you blame the other nations of Europe, but why is it that they attack you and leave you unable to leave for a visit? Why do they keep you from me? I miss you, and visiting you in that world is not the same as when your mind is clouded by war and fear.

I worry still that all this war will cause you to waste away into a shell of yourself. I have seen time change many, but I worry that if wars do not end for you, it will change you beyond repair. However, that depressing matter is not what I want to discuss today. I send you letters to bring you joy and hope in these hard times for you, not to bring you down with the ramblings of an old

woman. However, my mind has been clouded recently, and I find it hard to keep myself thinking positively. I do not know if it is my fear for you, that you will eventually lose against superior numbers, or if it is the fact that meeting you made me begin to feel lonely when you aren't around.

I am beginning to wish I had been more open to having human friends. I try now, but too many of them fear the goddess Tahiti, and the friendship I am trying to achieve feels more like worship. I know you have a human friend, and I want to know how you did that. How did you convince a human that although you may be a goddess, you can be just like them? How did you convince them you wanted to know them for friendship, not worship? I cannot figure it out, and you have a way with people. You have a way that I lack, and I think that is a flaw on my part. I did not understand how wonderful friendship really was until you.

It has been so many hundreds of years since I have had a true friend, and as much as I love you, you are far, far more than a friend to me. I hope that this request is not seen as silly by you. I can't wait to see you again.

Much love,

Tahiti

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Letter from Ancient Tahiti to France, approximately 1819. Translated from French by Pierre Roux.

Tatarina,

My love, I write this with shaky hands, feeling weaker than ever. I write this with tears on my face and love in my heart, wishing that I was by your side so I could tell you this in person. I write this wishing I had the strength to travel to that in between so I could hold you one last time.

I write this, knowing I am about to die.

I have much to say, so I write this hastily. I do not know when

death will come for me, and I do not want to pass before I can finish my last words to you.

First, you are not allowed to blame yourself for my death. The only person at fault is the kingdom and it's foolish people, and those are the only people you are allowed to blame. Any guilt and anger you have should be placed on them, not on yourself.

Second, you must get around to killing Britain at some point. He is annoying, and I know you dislike him greatly. I know for a fact that you are stronger and more capable than him, and I have faith that someday, you will be the victor in your rivalry. You can put an end to what your mother started with England all those years ago.

Third, I know you will lose your teacher of my language with me gone, but I implore you to seek out someone else who can teach you my language. You might not be the most fluent speaker, but the way you speak my language is beautiful, and I would hate for the world to lose that beauty just because I am gone.

Lastly, the time we had together, however short, was some of the best years of my life. I loved the time we spent together, and I love you so badly that the thought of leaving you behind hurts me more than any wound. I am not prepared to be the one to leave someone behind. Normally, I am left behind by others. I know that hurts like it is an old friend, and I know that my death will hurt you. But please, never be afraid to love again just because I am gone. The hurt of my death will fade in time, and any person you choose to be in a relationship with after I am gone will be a very lucky person indeed. I am fortunate to be your first love, and I am grateful that you were my last.

All my love, now and forever,

Tahiti

Virginia's Last Letters

Copies of these letters were donated to the Countryhumans History and Research Archival Project by the American personifications alive for the Civil War. They document the final goodbye letters received by the American personifications from the original Commonwealth of Virginia, who died after the Civil War due to the creation of a Union government for Virginia by the Virginian people, which was subsequently recognized by President Lincoln and the Union government.

While the American personifications wanted the original letters to remain in their hands, they have provided us with these copies as a way to honor and remember the original Virginia and all she did for them.

According to the countryhuman of the United States, losing Virginia had been the hardest part of the war for all of them, and they wanted her to be remembered because she had had a significant impact on their lives.

This collection is in loving memory of the original Commonwealth of Virginia, Virginia Rebecca. We hope her soul is now at rest.

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April 8, 1865

My dearest Plymouth,

Oh, my son, there are not enough words to describe my love for you. There are not enough words to describe how I have treasured every moment we have had together. You have been there for me for as long as I can remember, and that has meant more to me than you will ever know. It is hard to imagine a world without you in it, without us together, and I am sorry that you will have to face a world without me

in it.

I never meant for it to come to this. I am so old, you think I would have been less foolish, but I was blinded by my pride, my arrogance, and now I will pay the price.

I don't blame the new Virginia. He never asked for this, and I could tell when I met him that he so badly regretted this. I hope I can talk to him more, but if I cannot, will you please tell him that I do not blame him for existing? This was not his choice to make. It was a series of choices that led us here, and now we can only deal with the inevitable.

My grave is one I dug myself. I am proud that my people who believed in Father and believed in his union stood their ground on what they believed, chose to find a way to stay loyal.

I almost wished that my son could have become the new state of West Virginia so I would not have to die.

But there is little we can do about this now.

I know that I am going to die now, that much is certain, so I write you this as a goodbye, as a memento for you to hold onto, and as an apology.

Plymouth, I am so sorry for hurting you. I regret everything so much. Toward the end, when loss became certain, I had begun to regret the foolishness of it all, the way that I had helped tear our family apart, helped our family hurt each other when family was something that I had always held close, held dear to me.

I don't expect your forgiveness. I know I have caused you unimaginable pain. After promising to always stand by you, first I betray you and then die before amends can truly be made.

If you are willing to grant me any last request, I ask of you this.

Please look after my daughter and son. I wish I had the chance to be a mother to them like I had been to so many others, but if I cannot do that, I want you to. I know they will be safe and loved in your caring hands. I know you will love them in all the ways I will be unable to.

I don't know what you think of me now, but I know what I think of you.

I think you are an amazing father, brother, and son. I think you are a man who loves everything he has and feels emotions that are so big and so wonderful, and you are someone who has done a better job at caring for your siblings than I have in these past four years.

I am lucky to have called you my brother and my son. Knowing you was the greatest gift I could have ever had.

I will be watching over you until the day you and I are brought back together again. Know that I will still be there in every struggle and victory, every hardship and success, and that I will support you in all that you do, even from Heaven.

I love you, Plymouth, Massachusetts, Patrick, with all that I am and all that I can give.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

P.S.

I want a simple grave with my human and country name. Don't put any of my state symbols on it. Those belong to my son now. Don't waste them on the dead. Give them to the living.

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April 8, 1865

My dearest Maryland,

I know you are under martial law, so I hope you do not throw this letter out, as it is a final goodbye to you. I know not when I will die, but I know that my time is limited, and I have things I want to say.

I am so sorry for all the pain I have caused you. For invading your land. For making you a battlefield in a war I should have never encouraged. I love you, my precious daughter, and I am so sorry to have caused you pain.

Even though we have both had our disagreements, it has always been wonderful to be your sister, to share a border with you. I treasure our time together, and I hope you will treasure it, too.

I know I have tainted your memories of me with my actions these past few years, but I hope all the good times we had before will be what you choose to remember of me. I cannot express how truly sorry I am that you had to go through all this, that you had to suffer through this war, and instead of being there to comfort you, as a true mother should have been, I caused you pain instead.

I love you so much. I love how you are so confident in who you are that you are so unashamed to be yourself in a world where women are not always well-liked for being themselves. I hope you will hold onto that self-confidence and grow. You are already an amazing young woman, but I know you will continue to be better and grow far past anyone's expectations for you.

I am so proud of you. I will always be proud of you. You had more courage than I did, choosing to stay when I chose to leave. I had thought it was the smart choice then, but I realize now it was my own pride. Father had made it clear that he wasn't going to let the others leave, and I still chose to leave, knowing that a war was inevitable, and knowing that there were many Unionists, and that a part of my state had long wanted to become its own state.

The writing was on the wall, and I foolishly ignored it. I envy your courage.

I am so sorry.

I know that your courage is going to serve you well.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My precious Delaware,

My dear boy, it has been so wonderful to watch you grow. I remember the days when we were younger and a bit more innocent when you were so small and sickly, and it amazes me how much you have grown.

I had always feared then that we would lose you, that you would slip away quietly into the night, slip away in a way that was so unlike you, and that I would never see the joyful smiles you wore despite your pain and suffering. Raising you and your brothers was so hard at times—you insisted on being a handful, but it was well worth it. All the challenges you presented were nothing compared to the love that I had for you.

I know I have hurt you more than most. I know martial law now keeps you tied to our Father, and I do not hate him for it. Based on our earlier letters, it seems to be a blessing for you, easing the pain that came from not wanting to choose sides. While I could see that you tried not to let it show in your letters, I know you better than that, my dear, and I could always tell. I should have apologized sooner, but I let my fears of losing your alliance keep my mouth shut to what I should have told you.

I prioritized myself over you, and I should have never done that. I lost sight of what was really important to me, and over the course of this war, what truly matters has become clear. I only wish that I had the time to show that I learned my lesson.

I thank you for the aid that you provided me, and I am sorry that I ever put you in the position of having to choose between me and your fathers and brothers. That was unfair of me to do, and I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me someday.

I know you, and I have both known for a long time that I would not live if the Confederacy fell, and I thank you for telling me about my son and President Lincoln's recognition of him. It has given me time to think already. I fear what I would have done without the precious time to think about my life, think about my son, and think about what will happen when I am gone.

While I am just now putting the words to paper, these letters were planned a long time ago. I only have three regrets. Betraying my family and setting off this chain of events, to begin with, leaving you all behind and not punching Britain when I had the chance.

I love you so, so much. I love how you know yourself and how you have chosen to live and celebrate how you are different and unique and how you choose to exist. In a world where you could not have existed, you chose to make yourself, and that is a uniquely beautiful thing.

Your people choose you, and I admire both you and them for that. I know a similar phenomenon is what gave my son life, and while I know it is different, as Penny lived and I will not, but I know you will be able to understand him in ways that no one else will. You know what it is like to succeed another; even if you are the same, you are still different. My last request to you is to make sure that he knows he is not to blame for my death. I know it is easy to blame him, but I know you can look past that because you have a kind heart.

You are a wonderful man, my son. Do not feel guilty or as if you have betrayed me. I betrayed you, and you still tried to help me. That is as proof of your kindness as anyone needs.

I know you are going to be a great person in the future, and I am sorry I will not be there with you. I will be watching you, of course, but I am sorry that I will no longer be a part of your journey.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dear New York,

I am sure you have heard this many times before, but you are so much like your fathers. You are proud and caring, fierce and protective, and so very wonderful. Your brothers are so lucky to have you looking out for them, although I'm not sure if they would appreciate me saying that. I know that the next decade is going to be hard, so make sure you keep looking out for them. They need you more than you know.

I know you must be angry with me, and I will not pretend like I am undeserving of it, and I do not want forgiveness, although I do hope for it, but I would like a chance to explain myself, if you will allow it.

I did not want to hurt you. I knew the minute I declared my independence that I was going to cause unimaginable pain to my family, but I had hoped that the benefits to my people would make it worth it in the end. I thought of our war of independence, the pain it caused our family then, and all the many freedoms and benefits it brought us. I had hoped the rebellion would achieve the same goals.

I doomed myself, and I cannot blame anyone for that. I know in your anger, it may be tempting to blame the others in the South for triggering this, but they didn't make me do this. I chose to leave, and I chose this fate.

I am so very sorry, my son. I am sorry for the hurt and pain, and I am sorry for leaving you with too much on your shoulders and far too many things left unsaid.

You are brilliant, and I know that you will continue to be great. You have always been destined for success and happiness, and I hope my death does not take that from you. Please continue to live your life the way you always have, and do not let the burden of my actions and their consequences fall on you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dearest New Jersey,

Your letter has been one of the hardest to write, little Jaybird, as I try to find a way to apologize and explain without hurting you further. But I fear there is no way for me to do that. I do not want to hurt you, especially when you feel so fully and uniquely, but I don't think I have much of a choice.

I know that I have betrayed you as a mother by helping worsen this war and only making it last longer than we could have ever thought. This war has been so bloody and horrific, and I have been the furthest thing from an innocent party. I have helped to create a war that you had to

fight in.

I know war is not unfamiliar to you, but I made you fight family, something you hold in such high regard. I made you fight me, and I know that had to have been tearing you apart.

Or perhaps you think I deserve this, as so many do. I will accept whatever choice you have made with as much grace as I can. I know that I have not made many friends among your people, and I didn't just betray you but your whole family and I know you will be angry for them and not just yourself.

Perhaps it is a bit much coming from me, but please try not to be too angry at me. Holding that anger will hurt you in the end, and I would rather you face your feelings, even if that means you decide you hate me. I will accept the consequences of my actions, the same way I have accepted my fate.

You are so important to me, Jaybird, and I am forever sorry. I am sorry for hurting you and for helping cause a war that made you hurt others you care about. I am so sorry.

I know you are a great man, a great state, and that you will continue to serve your people well, as you always have.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dear Georgia,

I know you will try to blame yourself for this, as you were one of the first states to leave, so let me say this now: you are not to blame. You did not make me leave. You did not make my people create a new government. You are the furthest thing from guilty.

It was an honor to fight alongside you, even though our actions were not honorable in the end. It was nice to dream of something, even if the

reality was a bloodied disaster of betrayal and pain.

I know moving on will probably be hard with the hostilities you will surely face from our family, but I know you will be able to move on to a better and brighter future. Do not be angry at them for my death. They did not choose the other Virginia's existence, and punishing a child for being born is not something I can condone, not after the childhood we had at Britain's hands.

We were hardly innocent, too, with our versions of Kentucky and Missouri.

Civil wars are bloodied, horrid things, and this is no exception.

But I would like to be able to watch from Heaven our family make peace with one another and move forward, watch our family build bonds that will prevent this from ever happening again. I know you can help make it possible.

You have the right to be angry, especially after the March to the Sea and the devastation that was wrought by General Sherman on your state. Forgiveness is not forgetting, and the lessons this war has taught us are all ones we need to remember.

I do not want to see this happen again, for more than just I may die.

I love you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dearest North Carolina,

I know that losing me and seeing my replacement will make you feel the same way you did those many years ago when Carolina died and was replaced by you. I know you must remember the stares, and the grief everyone had, and how you felt you had something lost to regain.

The new Virginia will feel the way you did then, the cause of the death of someone loved so dearly and fiercely. I know it will be easy to hate him. I found it easy to hate at first, but you must not let his existence turn you bitter at Father. It is not his fault, just like it is not your fault that Carolina died.

I will miss you very much. I love you so much. You are so beautifully unique, and you are going to do amazing. Things will get better, and you will be alright. I know you will. I believe in you.

Look after South Carolina. He will need you in the times to come. He is so easy to anger and feels so much, and I do not want him to hurt himself further out of grief. He needs you to keep him grounded and needs you to keep himself from going too far now that you both are getting ready to transition into the years of healing this family and this country must do.

I am sorry that I will not be there to see it.

I am so proud of you and so excited for the future that you will have someday.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dearest South Carolina,

I know you might want to blame yourself, blame our family, blame the world and everyone in it for taking me away, for convincing you that you needed to rebel, triggering the chain of events that led to my death. Please, do not. I do not blame anyone but myself for this, for I am the one that chose this. I could have chosen to stay loyal, but I didn't. I could have chosen a great many things, but instead, I chose this path.

I made all my own choices. You need not blame anyone but me. I know your anger and grief will be strong, but please do not let them overwhelm you. Let my love for you and our family be stronger than your anger.

This is not the time to be angry and lash out, lest the wounds from this war never be allowed to heal. They need to heal. I know that, and I know you do, too.

There are not words enough to describe the memories we have together. I know I will cherish them in the next life, as I hope you cherish them in this life.

I love you so much.

I know there are things you have never told me and will never get the chance to tell me. I have seen it in your eyes that there is a secret weighing you down. I am sorry I was not there to take its weight off your back, and I am sorry that I will not be alive to one day hear it.

But when you have the courage, you can tell that secret to my grave, and I will be there for you in death in the way I was there for you in life.

I love you, my son.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dear Connecticut,

We have both seen quite a lot, haven't we? We have watched too many of our siblings pass on, and I am sorry that I will be the most recent. It never stops hurting, especially when you want to place the guilt on yourself, say that it was your fault for not stopping the chain of dominoes from crumbling down.

I don't want you to blame yourself. I want this to stop hurting for you. I don't want you to only be able to talk about this with pain in your eyes but instead talk about this with fond reminiscence, remembering all the things we have been through together.

I love you so much.

Every letter I write, the realization that I am going to die becomes more real. Still, I cannot bring myself to blame anyone. There is a numb acceptance, the culmination of knowing losing this war meant losing my life ever since I heard of my son.

I have already asked this of so many people, but I ask it of you, too. Look after the new Virginia. Like with Plymouth, you understand what it is like to replace another, what it is like to be the reason someone else is gone. I know there is much he can learn from you, and I know you can treat him better than others might.

I know history will not treat me well, but I hope the future can treat him right.

I am so sorry for the pain I caused you with this war and the pain I will cause you in the future. I hope that your future will still be bright and merry despite that.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dearest New Hampshire,

You are so much like Plymouth that sometimes I think you are his twin in all but blood. Please don't take that as an insult, either. This is a very convoluted way of saying that I want you to make sure he is okay once I am gone. I know you two have your issues, but I do think you can help him if he were to become self-destructive.

I am so sorry that I betrayed you. I am so sorry that I worsened the war. I have heard that you were taken prisoner, and while I do not know if my people were involved, I want to extend my sincerest apologies on their behalf. I hope you were treated right, and if not, there are not enough ways to say I'm sorry.

You didn't deserve to be treated poorly, despite our many differences and quarrels, despite the unimaginable pain from the war. You deserved

better. I should have treated you all better.

I feel very much, sitting here in prison, with only the writing tools our Father gave me, like a foolish, scolded child. I hate the idea that I am most likely being treated better than you despite being infinitely more guilty.

Father says he will free me so I can live out my last dying days with the family I betrayed. I still do not think that helps the guilt any, choking and consuming.

I am sorry, Hamp. For everything.

I hope you are alright. I hope that you will continue to be alright and happy in your future. You are bright and spirited, and I know that will serve you and your people well.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dearest Pennsylvania,

Sitting here, reflecting, it feels like only yesterday I was pulling apart you and Maryland, and you two fought over your borders and Delly's attention. And now here we are. I on my deathbed, and you, once in a hospital bed.

I hear about your arm and the amputation that followed your injury. It was a wake-up call I sorely needed. While I knew that many battles in this war ended with its combatants suffering from missing limbs on a scale I have never seen, I had never expected it would happen to one of us. To You. To Michigan.

I am at least grateful that we were not at risk of losing you the same way we were at risk of losing Michigan. This country is losing one more statehuman than I think it's ready for. I do not know if I will see you before I go, and if I do not, I wish you the best for your future and want

you to know you have my full confidence that losing your arm will not change you and you will adapt as you always have.

I am so very sorry for supplying the rebel cause with the General who invaded your land, with the General who started the battle that lost you your arm. If I had not seceded, we would be having a very different conversation. But I made my choices.

I am so very sorry for all the pain and suffering I have caused you and your people. I am so very, very sorry for it all.

I love you, Penny. You deserved none of the pain that was brought unto you, and I hope that you can forgive me in my role in causing you that pain.

I know you will not let this stop you from being the amazing person you are now. I know you will force your future to be happy, and the world will obey.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My beloved Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,

You have such a big heart for one so small, and you believe so much in your ideas, no matter the conflicts it has brought you with others. With Plymouth, with me, with all of the other southern states. And despite all your conflicts, you somehow never hold a grudge and find a way to forgive.

I admire you so much for that. It is a skill that you will unfortunately be using more than either of us would have liked, I'm sure.

It is one thing to forgive your siblings for childish squabbles and another to forgive for starting a war that got a sibling killed. But I do not blame anyone, and I have been, or trying my best to forgive the others, and I hope you can do the same.

I am so sorry for my betrayal and the pain that it must have caused. I am sorry I broke the trust of everyone in this family and that I am leaving before I can atone before I can truly become worthy of forgiveness.

How can I make myself worthy of forgiveness of not just my betrayal but the sheer scale of it in the little days and weeks that I have left? I cannot, so I leave you forced to forgive without closure or forever remain angry.

It is so unfair, what I am doing. I am so sorry, Rhode Island. I love you so much. I know you will only grow to be an even better and kinder person in the future. Do not let my mistakes harden your heart forever.

I know that your kindness and empathy will allow you to grow into the best man you can possibly be.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dear Ohio,

You are a man of passion and ideals, who will stick by what he believes is the truth, even when it causes arguments with others. I admire that about you. It takes a lot of courage to be able to do something like that, which is why I know you have been hurt more by the betrayal of me and the South than anyone else.

You were born at such a wonderful time. We had just gotten our independence and were finding our way as a country. While Vermont was alive, he was forging his own path, however unrecognized he was. And then you were born. It was just before we started getting bodies, and suddenly we had you, our new baby brother.

You were so adorable, and such a blessing. While myself, Vermont, Father, and the other original thirteen might be the eldest, barring those adopted from other nations, of course, you were the first American

countryhuman to be born and raised as an American. You were hope for the future in a way none of us could have every hoped to be. From that day forward, I loved you will all that I had.

I still love you now, even as I await your judgment on my betrayal of our family and country.

I will not deny that I have hurt you, and I hope you can understand the depth of my regret for what I have done, even as I know it will do nothing to reverse the pain I have caused you.

I know you will grow into a great man, Ohio, and I have every bit of faith in the person you will become. I know you have always wished to have wings like your siblings, so you could fly like them, but I have faith that, wings or not, you will find your own way to fly.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dear Tennessee,

I can't help but feel I helped drag you into this war. I know that your choices are you know, and there are very few people who can force you to do anything, but you are my sister, my daughter, and the last state to leave our Father's union. So, despite how untrue it is, I do feel grief and guilt.

I love you, Tennessee, and I know you, with your kind heart and helpful nature, will somehow find a way to paint yourself as guilty in this, even when you are the furthest thing from it. I know it is an issue many of the southern states will have now that the war is over, and there is no denying or preventing my fate.

I am so sorry for any guilt you may hold over this and any grief my death may cause. I love you so much. You are brilliant, and kind, and talented, and I have no doubt that your future will be bright.

Please, do not blame the one that follows me. Do not blame our family.

I know we both want things to heal. I know we both never wanted it to come to this. I know things can be better. Please, Nessie, make sure the gap is bridged.

I love you so much. I cannot wait to look down from Heaven and see what you will do.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My beloved son, Virginia,

I wish that I had more time to know you. I wish we had time to exist together that wasn't on opposite sides of a war. I wish I could have known your voice, your laugh, your wants, and your dreams. That I could have held you, comforted you, been there for you.

I am sorry that I will never get that chance.

So consider this letter as the best I can do.

When you want to know if I love you, look at this letter and know I love you. When you want to know if I would be proud of you, look at this letter and know I would be proud of you. When you want to know anything about how I feel about you, look at this letter and know it is all positive.

I don't blame you for my death, although I know you might blame yourself for it. It is not your fault. I am a mother and have no reason to hate my wonderful son and blame him for my death. I am your mother, and I am so proud of you. I am happy to die so you may live. I have already lived over two hundred long years, and you have barely lived four.

You deserve a future. I have lived a long and fulfilling life, one full of

happiness and love. It would be wrong of me to deprive you of the chance to have a life. I want you to live, to have a life.

If my siblings or Father try to blame you for my death, ignore them, for they are wrong. I am happy to let you live. I am overjoyed that you are going to have a chance at life, and I will be so happy watching you thrive from Heaven.

Don't let anyone tell you that you don't deserve to live, my son. You deserve it and more. I love you so much.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My beloved daughter, West Virginia,

I hope I got your name right. I have heard reports that you were named Kanawha, but the state was named West Virginia, so I have written that as your name.

I am glad you and your people are finally their own state. They have been wanting that for a long time now, and I am sorry that it took a civil war for them to finally get it. I am sorry that I will never get a chance to know you or to be a good mother to you. I am sorry that we could not be states together, and instead all you know of me is the traitor that betrayed our family.

If you are angry with me, I will not pretend that I do not deserve it, that I deserve your love. Know that regardless of the emotions that you are feeling, I love you so much, and I am so proud of you.

I know that I can never make up for what I have done, both because of the limited time I have left and the sheer scale of my crimes. I do not expect forgiveness nor understanding. I merely wish that your future is bright and happy. No one deserves to be born of war.

I am sorry that you had to be.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dearest father,

Father, I humbly ask for your forgiveness. I understand that I was in the wrong and that I hurt you in ways that can never be undone. In the waning hours of my life, I ask that you are able to forgive me for all that I did to hurt you so I may die knowing that I have been forgiven. I do not expect you to, and I will accept whatever judgment you bring onto me, but I would like to be able to die in grace.

I know that history will not treat me well, but I hope that I can at least die knowing I earned your forgiveness. I am truly deeply sorry in ways that words will never be able to describe, in ways that I will never be able to show, with my life coming to an end as it is.

I am sorry for hosting the capital of the man that has caused you suffering. I am sorry for seceding. I am sorry for bringing General Lee onto the side of the rebels, only extending the war and everyone's suffering.

Despite my many mistakes and crimes, I love you so much, Father. I cherish the time we had together, and I know that it will keep me comforted in Heaven despite the taint I placed on our relationship.

Father, I am sure you know my children better than I at this point, as I have yet to meet them. I do not know what you think of them, what our family thinks of them. I know not their voices and their laughs, their dreams and wishes. I find myself reminded of the colonial children of yours who were never able to get bodies of their own, that you never knew, and I understand your grief and pain more than I ever have before.

I beg of you, Father, like how I looked after your children, you look after mine. Do not blame them for my crimes or my death. Look after them as if they were your own beloved children, for they might be mine,

but they are still your flesh and blood.

I want them to be happy and have a prosperous future, and I want you to ensure that the best you can.

I am so sorry that this is the way things have to end. I am sorry that I ever betrayed you.

I love, adore, and respect you, Father. I know my actions have not proven those words, but trust me when I say that you are a wonderful father. I will never regret that I got to be your daughter.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving daughter,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dearest uncle,

How quickly the years have passed, Uncle James. I can hardly believe that my end approaches. Immortality is a strange thing to have, warping how you see yourself and the passage of time, and now that I know my end approaches, I have never felt more human. Perhaps you understand, perhaps you don't. You've always been different in the best way possible.

Thank you, Uncle James, for everything that you have done for me. For being the person to help raise and take care of me. For being the first person I could be a child around. For being there for me, always, no matter what. All that you have done for me means more than you can ever know.

You have always been there to protect me and the rest of our family, and I hate how I have turned on you, how I have made myself your enemy, the newest person you need to protect our family.

I know this is a betrayal you would have never seen coming, loving our family as completely as you do. I am sorry for hurting you in this way, as I know it hurt you more than it could hurt anyone else in this family.

I am so, so sorry, Uncle James. I love you so much. Words alone cannot describe how much I appreciate you and love you, and I hate that I have caused you pain and destroyed your already fragile trust.

I am sorry that I did not appreciate all that you have done for me properly. I love you, Uncle James.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving niece,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dear Warwick,

I do not know how aware of this war you have been, as the times you are present are few and far between, but I wanted to write you this letter so you could know what happened to me, know what I did, and know that I never wanted to leave you behind.

I betrayed our family and joined a rebellion in the middle of this civil war. It is the bloodiest war this land has ever seen, and I have never seen our family this hurt. In the midst of this war, with my government and myself joining the rebellion, my people created a new government for Virginia. My son, the one that represents my state now. Do not blame him for my death. I made my own choices. He was just born.

I will be sending this same message to your other cities, as I know that you are not always caught up.

Little sister, I love you so much. I know I am perhaps not as close to you as I am to others, but I appreciate all that you have done. You are a wonderful person, and I am sorry that our circumstances have kept us from growing close and really getting to know each other.

I remember the miracle of your survival and how wonderful it was to know that we would not be losing more siblings. I think we all know how much it all hurts, and I am sorry to make you feel that pain again.

I love you, my dear sister. I am so sorry for betraying you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dear Portsmouth,

As I will be saying to your fellow cities, you are often not present, and you have missed a lot about the world in the past five or so years. Therefore, I am writing you this letter so you may know what happened to me, and you will not have to grief in uncertainty

I betrayed our family and joined a rebellion in the middle of this civil war. It is the bloodiest war this land has ever seen, and I have never seen our family this hurt. In the midst of this war, with my government and myself joining the rebellion, my people created a new government for Virginia. My son, the one that represents my state now. Do not blame him for my death. I made my own choices. He was just born.

I love you, Portsmouth. I am sorry that I betrayed you and our family. I know this is not the news you wanted to hear, and I wish that I could have died for a better reason, not one that was selfish and only caused more pain to all those around me.

I will miss you so much. I am sorry that I am going to leave you behind like this without a proper farewell. I am sorry for the pain I have caused, the pain that you will surely see.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dear Newport,

You are the final city I need to get up to date on the horrors of the war,

and each time I write it out, I feel more and more ashamed of what I have done.

I betrayed our family and joined a rebellion in the middle of this civil war. It is the bloodiest war this land has ever seen, and I have never seen our family this hurt. In the midst of this war, with my government and myself joining the rebellion, my people created a new government for Virginia—my son, the one that represents my state now. Do not blame him for my death. I made my own choices. He was just born.

I am sorry, Newport. I know you are hurt badly by betrayal and that you value life so amazingly as you do, and it hurts me to know that I have forever tainted myself to you. I never meant to cause this much pain. I thought I was doing what was best for my people, but I realize now that I could never be more wrong.

I am so sorry for what I have done. Know that I still love you with all that I have, and I forgive the pain I have caused.

I wish I could earn your forgiveness.

I am sorry.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving mother and sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dear Caleb,

I wish I could have gotten to know you better. You seem like someone I would have gotten along with well, someone I would have respected. Despite having co-existed for about thirty years, we never talked as much as we could have, and perhaps should have, and that I will regret.

I know, like Uncle James, you helped to protect my father, and thank you so much for that. It means a lot to know that he will be taken care of long after I am gone.

I am sorry for betraying the Union, something that undoubtedly made things much worse for you. I am sorry that my actions led to this point. I did not want them to take us here, but we are here nonetheless, and I cannot deny my role in this terrible war.

I hope you can forgive me for the pain that I caused and that you do not mistrust my son because of me. He is an innocent boy, and I am the guilty one.

I am sorry for the pain.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving friend,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

Rebecca,

I will not pretend to understand you, the one who took on the name that I picked for myself. I never understood how you came to be or why you believe what you believe. But I feel I should write you a letter as well.

I don't know if you will miss me. I think you will. You may be harsh and critical toward our family to the point where you hurt us, but at the same time, I know you are trying your best to help us. I know you think Britain would have kept us safe, and perhaps this war and my death will only serve to prove you right.

I don't care. Please, be a little nicer to my family. After all this, they could use it.

With many regrets,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dear Vermont,

We have both had our brief tastes of independence, although yours was under far better and more innocent circumstances than my own, and I think you, of all people, will know how different it is being a country as compared to a state. I don't know whether that power corrupted me or if I allowed it to see myself in a different light.

I know that does not excuse what I did. I am sorry for what I have done, and the hurt my betrayal has wrought on this family. I know you joined our father's country for a chance at a better life, and I spat on your dreams with my betrayal and subsequent worsening of our civil war.

I am so sorry, Vermont. I never meant to bring this pain down on our family. I never wanted it to go far. I just wanted to help my people while remaining blind to the fact that I worsened their plight.

I know you will continue to be an amazing state and brother, someone who will always stand by our family regardless of what that will make people think of them. You are one of a kind in a brilliant way, and I will miss you dearly.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 8, 1865

My dearest Kentucky,

I am so sorry for what I have done. I do not know how martial law has made things for you, but I know even without it, you would be angry. You have always cared so much for family, and you wanted to be neutral before we forced your hand. You tried to escape war, and we forced you into it.

In that way, you are the best of us all. While we got caught up in betrayal and anger and all the emotions that led to this war, you kept your head clear and remembered that family was the most important thing. I wish I had been as smart as you.

I am sorry that I betrayed you. I am sorry that I let things go this far. I am sorry for my role in creating that imposter of you, the one that would have replaced me if I died. Perhaps that is why my fate is what it is.

I do not blame my children for their existence nor for the land they will inherit from me. Your land was once my land, and I have always loved you. You have so much in common with them for that reason, however. Together, you, Virginia, and West Virginia make up all the land that was originally mine. It is for that reason that I know you can take care of them. That I know you should help look after them.

You will understand them. I know I do not have the time to make myself worthy of your forgiveness, but I hope they do not become guilty for my crimes.

I love you so much, Kentucky, and I know are going to have a wonderful future. I am so sorry for all that I did to you. You never deserved it.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Alabama,

I know you might be quick to blame our family for all the deaths that will come about by the end of this war. The death of myself, of your son, and your grandchildren, the loss will be more than the loss of your dream of independence as a new country. But I ask of you, you cannot blame them. Our deaths were guaranteed the minute this war started. Holding a grudge and harboring resentment will prevent this family from healing and will only make everyone view you as a traitor forever.

I do not want that for you. You and I both know that it is better for this country to heal, for you and our family to hear, and holding a grudge over something that cannot change will do no one anyone good. Father didn't make this choice, and it started with us when we decided to rebel. I would have lived if I stayed loyal. My people made my son, not our

father.

Please put your future first. You need to move forward, to live, to find a future free of the pain that has been wrought here.

I love you so, so much, and you shouldn't throw your life away for me. I know that Confederate and his children would rather you lived as well.

Please, live a wonderful life. You deserve it. I love you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Arkansas,

I know you were hesitant to join the rebellion, and although you seceded before me, I can't help but feel I had encouraged your feelings and forced you into this rebellion. And yet, I know that you, in all your love and kindness, will try to find a way to blame yourself for what is going to happen to me.

My dear brother, it is not your fault, the ways the winds of fate have blown on us in these past few years. I have never had a reason to blame you. I don't want you to. Most importantly, I do not want you to blame my son. He is an easy target, as you have no emotional attachment to your nephew and so much to me, and I know well that when one grieves, it is so much easier to deal with it by finding someone to blame.

I don't want that. Not for you, or for my son, or for this family. You know as well as I that it will only worsen the bad blood between our family, worsen the anger and the strife that has come about from this war.

We need forgiveness. This family, and you too. Our family will forgive, but not if you keep giving them reasons to hate.

Arkansas, you have a great many things ahead of you. Do not waste it

by hating. I want to see you thrive from Heaven; I want to see you improve and see you keep finding yourself, and we both know you can't do that if you choose to hate.

I love you so much, my beloved brother. Please do not blame anyone for my choices.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Florida,

Somehow, your letter has been the hardest to write so far. I think it is because you are so much older than me, over fifty years, and I struggle to find the words to explain things to you, for I feel as if you already know all the lessons on grief that I can give.

You lost a child to us when we made you our territory, West Florida turning to dust, her lands given to others, and you expected to embrace a new culture and identity again. You are no stranger to grief.

So I will not beg for you not to blame the North for my death or for you to embrace my son as your nephew (or whatever you would like to be to him), for I already know you will do that to the best of your abilities.

So, I won't look to the past or to the present but rather to the future, where I know you will thrive the best.

I know you are going to be amazing. You have a wonderful ability to adapt once given a chance, and you are so passionate about what you feel and what you enjoy, and it is refreshing when compared to the bleak sentimentalities of others. You are fun to be around in the best way possible, and I know you will carry that energy with you going forward.

I know you are wonderful now and will only continue to thrive. And know that I will be watching it all from up above.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

Ma chère, Louisiane,

I am sorry that I will be parting from you soon. The chance to know you has been a wonderful one, and I wish I hadn't been foolish enough to cut this opportunity short. I have seen the anger you hold towards France for the death of your grandmother and how she forced your uncle to give you to her by bending him to her will, leaving you lost and alone. I do not know how many of these emotions my death will bring up, but I ask of you: do not hold the same anger toward Father as you hold toward France. We both know they are very different.

Father did not kill me the way France killed your grandfather. I made my own choices in life that brought me here, to the end of the road, to my final destination. I have made my peace with it. I ask you to as well. Do not hold onto anger on my behalf. I do not want it. I want peace, something that we have lost over the past four years. Our family was ripped apart, and now you are a part of the ones that need to put it back together.

You have always been a region so embroiled in war and conflict, with your heart at the mouth of the great Mississippi River. But you have the choice to pick peace for yourself, and I know we would both prefer that.

I know you will thrive as you never have before once you have embraced peace. It may be hard to let go of the anger and hate that spawned this war and was spawned from this war, but I want you to be happy, and I know this will make you happy.

I love you, and I want to see you happy. Do not punish yourself with anger and grief. You can move on.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Mississippi,

I have long since heard about what you did, as the news of Michigan and the subsequent news of your surrender made headlines across the South. I know you have opened this letter expecting anger and condemnation, and I will not deny that I am angry at how you could have done that to our little brother.

But in my final days, I will not cling to that anger. I cannot cling to it, for I know it will only make me unhappy as I pass, as I want to make an attempt at peace with everyone before I go. So, setting that aside, as I will not try to forgive you, the emotions are complicated as they are, but I will let go of my anger. The matter now rests with the living, not the dead.

Instead, I will focus on what I know about you. Not what you did.

Maggie, my dear, I know you have always cared about this family, and I know being forced to choose between your family and your people hurt, even when you tried to hide it. I know you are a gentle soul and that you could never hurt someone you love that badly. I know you will prove yourself worthy of forgiveness because you have always been someone worthy of it.

And I know, someday in the future, no matter how distant it will be, you and our family will walk hand in hand to a better time. I know that you will work to make a better time.

I know you will thrive because you are so beautiful and talented. You will be condemned for your past, but you must try to work past it, lest it stain your future and taint it with misery.

Remember, you must forgive yourself too.

I love you, Mississippi. One day, you will know when I forgive you, and you will know when that is. Nevertheless, do not let my love for you dampen. I love you. That will never change.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Texas,

I know that you, more than anyone, will burn with anger. You feel emotions so strongly, anger most of all, and your refusal to let go of things has always been a part of you. But in the case of our story together, I ask that you try not to let that happen.

I know it is easy to be angry, to blame our family for my death, for killing me, but we cannot criticize them for my son without acknowledging our own sins. We have a sister named Arizona now, and I know that our nephew's son bears the same name. Or should we talk about the versions of Missouri and Kentucky we made, replacements for our brothers if we were to conquer their land? We would have condemned them to the fate that I now face because they were loyal to our father because Kentucky wanted to stay neutral and not hurt the broken family we had become.

I know you are angry, but we did all the same things they did, if not worse. I have come to terms with this. I know my fate, and I know the reasons behind them. Considering they are reasons I have begun to regret deeply, I cannot say I am innocent in matters.

So I ask of you, do not cling to your anger. Instead, try to forgive, to look after my son and make sure he grows up knowing the real me, not the me that the press will create once I am gone. I know you love family, so focus on the family you have left and keeping them close.

I know you might consider yourself a failure for not saving me, so I ask of you this: protect the family that we have left, North and South. Move forward, and do not let your anger hold you back.

I love you, now and forever. I know you are a great man now and will only become greater, so do not let your anger keep you from that.

Protect our family. For me, if for no one else.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear California,

You are so lucky to have been distant from this war. I had always thought it sad how much territory lay between you and us, isolated from the inner goings of our father's nation, but seeing the ruin and devastation that has been wrought, the unimaginable dead, I am glad you were far from it all.

But far from the physical scars doesn't mean you weren't hurt by my betrayal. I am sorry, California, for all the pain that I have caused. I know we weren't the closest, but I still betrayed you and caused you pain. I am so sorry for that.

I thought that it would only hurt for a little while and we would learn to move on together someday, but I realize now that those were foolish dreams of someone who wanted to remain blind to her crimes and the hurt she was causing.

You are wonderful, California, the first state of the new West, and the elder sibling to the West in the way I was the eldest to the East. I know you are going to do wonderfully, with so many opportunities to grow and shine, and I adore you.

I love you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Illinois,

I have said these words so often in so many letters that they are beginning to feel empty, but I will continue to say them to everyone I can.

I am so sorry for the hurt and pain caused by my betrayal and by my worsening of the war. Some foolish part of me believed that the war would be quick and the bitter pain would end. I have since learned my lesson.

I am sorry that I will go before I can truly make amends to you. I am sorry.

[Note: The bottom half of this letter is covered in tear stains]

I love you, Illinois. I love you, and I am so so sorry.

I never wanted to turn this family into a bloodied mess of betrayal. I was doing what I thought was right, helping my people, and my people showed me they did not want a statehuman who would do that to them.

I have accepted my fate. I hope you can one day forgive me.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Indiana,

You are spirited and headstrong, and I admire that greatly about you, but I also know that I mean I will not live long enough for you to forgive me. I am okay with that, as trapped in prison with only the ability to write letters to all I have hurt. I am at peace with my dead. I am not scared of it, only of the mess that I will leave behind. So I write this in an attempt to say my piece and ask for forgiveness, as I know I have no other chance to.

I am sorry for what I have done. I humbly ask for your forgiveness and that you will one day be able to give me it. I am sorry. I never wanted it to go this far. I know I have helped rip apart this country in ways that will never heal.

I am sorry.

I love you so much. I know that although I will not be there to see it, at least not from Earth, you are going to keep growing into a wonderful person. I know you will always stand for what you believe, and I commend you for that. But don't let it make you end up like me.

I know you will be happy in life. I know you will do well. I love you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Iowa,

You have never been an aggressive person, always looking to find solutions through peace, and I shudder to think of what this war might have made you do. I remember when South Carolina had just seceded, how you were the one always focused on trying to find a peaceful solution, even as more states left and the unity that had kept us safe crumbled.

When I betrayed us, you were still looking for that peaceful solution. I watched every secession cut you to the core, and instead of being there for you as your oldest sister, I added to your hurt by seceding myself.

I am so sorry, Iowa. I know that no matter how many apologies I give, there is no way for me to undo the hurt, even if I had the time to. I love you so much, and I should have never hurt you in that way. I don't expect you to forgive me, but I hope you are someday able to understand how deeply sorry I truly am.

I know you are going to do amazingly in the future, a beacon of hope for

our siblings. I am sorry that I will not be there with you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Kansas,

The world has been determined to make you suffer in the years since you were born. Between Bleeding Kansas and the Civil War, you have hardly known a moment's peace, peace which you deserve more than anyone. I know you became a state only recently, and I have no idea if you have begun to fight in the war, but if you have, I am so sorry.

After the bloodshed in your state over slavery, you should have been allowed peace. You shouldn't have been granted a body on the eve of a war like this, as your siblings seceded around you. You should have been allowed to celebrate your body by enjoying life, and instead, you were forced into fighting a war.

I am sorry for my role in that tragedy. I am sorry for worsening the war, prolonging it, keeping you from happiness. I should have never done that; tried harder to give you peace.

I can never be sorry enough for what I have done to you. I love you, Kansas, and I wish you all the peace and happiness you could ever desire. You deserve it. I'm sorry I will not be there to see you enjoy the peace you so rightfully deserve.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Maine,

You were born as part of a compromise to try to prevent the inevitable battle that slavery was going to bring to our family. I do not know how much that legacy follows you, how badly you think you need to keep the peace, but if that in any way affects how you see yourself, I beg of you, do not hold that as a part of your identity, to not blame yourself. No compromises we could have made would have done anything, with how stubborn we all are. None of us would have backed down, too stubborn to listen.

I wish we weren't. I wish I hadn't let my pride and stubbornness rule me, that I chose to stay with my family instead of helping destroy them. I am so sorry, Maine. I am sorry for betraying you, hurting you, and causing this godforsaken war. I wish you could have marked the end of the needless fighting, that we could have put aside our squabbles and realized that family was more important.

I only realize that now, on my deathbed. I only hope the others in the South have come to the same realization. I love you so much, Maine. I love you more than anything that led to this war. You are handsome and wonderful, and I know you will thrive. I know I will not be there to see it, but I will always be proud of you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Michigan,

I know you must be angry, and I do not know how much of that is directed at me, one of the ringleaders in the rebellion that has wounded you in that irreparable way. I am so sorry. I never meant for things to go this far. This should have never happened to you.

I cannot believe Mississippi has done something like this. I heard the news and couldn't believe it, but I know it now to be fact, and it sickens me as nothing has. War with each other is one thing; crippling each other is another, a scar that can never hear, a wound that can never

heal.

I know I am not the one who did this, but I want to apologize for my role in the rebellion and for betraying you. I do not know if this would have happened if I had stayed in the Union, but whatever role I might have played in it, you have my most humble apologies.

I am so sorry, Michigan.

Despite the war and what I have done, I still love you, Michigan. Two wings or not, you will always be my spitfire little brother who survived the British and fought for his statehood as none have before. You are amazing and have survived far more than you ever should have had to.

I love you, Michigan.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Minnesota,

I am so sorry for what I have done. I know you must be angry at me for what I have done, for throwing you and so much of our family aside for my own selfish interests. I can never be sorry enough for that. I regret it with everything that I have, and facing my demise, all the reasons and justifications I have seem foolish, and I see the folly of my choices.

I should have never joined the rebellion, and the only one to blame for my choices is me. I ask for your forgiveness, not now, not even while I still live, but that someday, you will know my shame and regret and be able to forgive me.

I love you so much, your passion, and your spark for life. I will not pretend like I understand you completely, but I love you no less. You are going to do so well in the future, and I am saddened that I will not be there to see it.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Missouri,

You have never been a man of violence but a man of medicine, healing those who are wounded and never causing wounds. I know the wound that has been inflicted on our family is not the physical kind, but I believe that your skills will be invaluable in helping to treat it, in helping our family heal.

Maybe it is selfish, but I believe the wound from my death will only be healed when that is healed. I am sorry that I am going to die. I am sorry that you might be sitting there, wishing that there was some way you could help save me, as you have saved so many others, like our dear Michigan.

But do not worry, dear brother. I have made my peace. You should make your peace as well.

This has caused more bloodshed than I have ever seen before, and I witnessed the death and depravity of the Starving Times all those many years ago. I know that this bloodshed and war cuts you to the core, even as you live under martial law and influence. I cannot help but feel that is a mercy, allowing you to be protected from the horrors you surely witnessed treating the wounded.

I love you, Missouri. You have a kind heart, and I hope this war does not damage it. It will thrive within you so long as you do not let hate and anger drag it down. I love your kindness. It is what makes you, you, and there is nothing more valuable.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Nebraska,

I am sorry that I will not live to see your statehood, to see your true face for the first time, to hug you, and to know you in a way that I have never known you before. I wish I could be there to see it, and while I may not be there in person, know I will be there in spirit.

I know the many jokes we have made about you being granted your body later than your twin, and I wish fate had allowed you to become states together so I could have known you the way I know her.

As for Kansas, your sister has been forced to endure too much since her birth, and I will not deny the role that I played in that. But now, and once you get a body of your own, I ask of you to protect her and allow her to experience peace. You and I both know she needs and deserves that, and having her twin with her and supporting her will make that peace all the more fruitful.

I am truly sorry for everything that I have done. I love you and wish I could have known you better.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear New Mexico,

I am so sorry for the pain my betrayal has caused you, for the battles that were fought on your land that were wrongly claimed by the false territory the Confederacy created. I am sorry for supporting and encouraging that pain. I had become lost in my own selfish desires and, in turn, hurt everyone around me.

I can never express how truly sorry I am in words, and I hope one day you can forgive me.

I love you so very much, New Mexico, and I am sorry that I will not be there to celebrate your statehood. I know how much you wanted us all to be there, and I am sorry that I will not be physically present. But know that I will be so proud of you for having become a state and that I will be watching over you from above.

I know that whatever you do with your statehood, it's going to be amazing because you, my dear, are amazing.

I am so sorry.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Oregon,

I don't know how involved in this war you have been, far away as you are, but I hope that you have been free of the blood and suffering that has marred us Eastern states in irreparable ways. I hope that you have been free of seeing the conflict, but I know that does not make you free of all the other ways this war has hurt us.

I am sorry for betraying you and this family, for helping worsen this war and further ruining the peaceful solution everyone had wanted before it became impossible. I know that my words cannot show my regret, and for that, I am sorry.

I love you, Oregon, and I am sorry that I will not be there to watch you grow. But I know you and your state are going to grow to be amazing. I am proud of you and the person you are becoming.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Utah,

I am sorry for the hurt I have caused you with this war. I am sorry that I will not be alive to see your statehood. I have many regrets when it comes to territories like you, the siblings that I might know but do not ***know*** *the way I know our other siblings. You are the victims that the world will never know about, and I am sorry for that.*

I love you, Utah. I know my actions might not have shown that, but know that I mean it. I do love you, and I deeply regret everything that I have done to hurt you. It would have been better if you could have been in your own state, safer from the war and conflict, instead of watching through our father's eyes as we tore ourselves to shreds.

I can never tell you more how much I love you and regret my actions. I am so sorry, Utah.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Dakota,

You are so young, too young for this war and the betrayal that I have caused. You were born scarcely a month before I betrayed our family, and I shuddered to think of what seeing war so young has done for you. I am sorry that I never tried to know you better, caught up in myself and my own worries. I am sorry that I will never get to know you, not just in a body of your own, but in general.

I will always treasure the few conversations that we had together, treasure those small moments, being able to speak to you when you were born, and seeing Father so happy again after the chaos of the first states to secede. I am sorry that I never tried to know you better, that I never tried to be a big sister to you.

I made myself your enemy instead of trying to be your sister. I am so sorry, Dakota. I should have been better to you. I know you are going to be a great man and a great state, and I can't wait to watch you succeed from Above.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Washington,

There is already a great legacy that has been thrust upon you by your name, and I fear I have done little to help you shoulder that legacy and name. I should have been a sister who supported you, who told you as many times as you needed to hear it that you are and will always be worthy of George Washington's name, instead of pushing aside you due to my own petty and foolish concerns with things that I realize now matter so very little when compared to you.

I should have never betrayed you. I should have never hurt our family and turned my back on them. My people were nation builders, one the very man you are named after, and I threw all their work to the side in a fit of selfish passion.

I love you, Washington. You. Not the man you are named after or the legacy you hold. I love you for you, and I adore you. You are going to be an amazing person and state, not because of the man you are named after, but because you, Washington, are so amazing and talented that I know you will do well.

I don't want you to ever have reason to doubt that again, and I want this letter to be proof that you will never have to doubt it.

I am sorry I wasn't there for you more. I should have been.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Wisconsin,

I am so sorry for all the hurt and pain that I have caused you through my betrayal of our nation and how callous I was in thinking that things would get better for us all if I were gone, away from most of my family in a country I joined for petty desires. I am sorry for hurting you. I never meant to cause wounds so deep.

Despite my actions and all they have shown about my character, I love you, Wisconsin. I still love you wholly and deeply, my beloved little sister. I wanted to have my family and still rebel, and I fooled myself into thinking that I could still have all my relationships be the same even after betraying you all.

I am sorry. I know that you will be okay in the future, full of fire and not afraid of how you are perceived, merely wanting to do the best you can for your people. Your people are lucky to have you, and I know that your future will be bright and happy, as you will guarantee it for your people.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear Unorganized Territory,

Oh, Nize, you have always been caught up in the worst of this conflict between pro-slavery and anti-slavery, and you must feel great relief that it is now over. I know we have always known the chance of you getting a body, of living to any form of statehood, has been slim, and I am so sorry that I will never get that chance to see your body if you are one day able to get it.

I am so sorry, Nize. My stubbornness has only hurt everyone that I love,

and it hurts me that I only realized the true consequence of what I have done far too late to do anything about it.

I love you so much, Nize, your perseverance and strength and how you can live lacking so many of the things that I take for granted. I hope you live. You deserve to live and thrive, and I know you will if given the chance.

I wish I could have done better for you. I should have done better, and I didn't, and I will regret that every day of my life.

I will be watching after you. Know that I am so very proud of you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 9, 1865

My dear little Deedee,

I hope the nickname is not too much for you, given all the pain I have caused. While my crimes against our family are many, I fear that my crimes against you are the worst of all. I have hurt everyone with my betrayal and how I brought a new, bloody stage to the fighting, and how thousands died in my land. I may have invaded the lands of my siblings, but that is nothing compared to what I did to you.

I took your land, your people, and made them mine. I took the half of my land I once so lovely gave to help give you life and ripped it away, the way I helped to rip this family apart. The fate of my people and my land are no longer in my hands, and I do not know whether or not you will ever get the land that I stole back, but I hope my son returns it to you. You never deserved to have it stolen to begin with.

If not, make sure that he does not bear the burden of the anger for my crimes. I have no doubt that I will be hated by history, and I would rather they villainize me, the guilty party, as opposed to my son.

I am truly, deeply sorry for all I have done to you. I humbly beg for your

forgiveness someday and hope I will be lucky enough to receive it.

I love you so much, little Dee, and I will miss you so terribly.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 10, 1865

My dear Nevada,

I had only met you a few times when you were a territory created back in 1861, and I can hardly believe that you are a state now. You and my daughter got your statehood so quickly, and I couldn't be more proud.

I wish I could have known you better, had the chance to see your face, got to know who you were. I am sorry that I have squandered that chance. But I know, no matter what kind of person you end up being, no matter what you do with your life, I will be so proud of you because you are Nevada, and I know that means something.

I wish I had more to say, but I fear I don't know you well enough to have anything more to say. I am sorry for my betrayal.

I love you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 10, 1865

Dear Arizona,

I do not know how willing you will be to read this letter, as you were born of this war, and I have always been an enemy to you. But as I lay here on my deathbed, I want to apologize for the hurt and pain I have caused, and I want to offer you a goodbye, same as I have to the rest of

our family.

I do not know you, and I will not pretend you. But either way, I love and support you, and I want to see you thrive. I know you are going to thrive, and I am so proud of you. I want this to be a way to tell you all the things I could have told you growing up.

You are going to be an amazing state, and I want you to know that I love you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 10, 1865

Dear Idaho,

I know when you were born, I was nothing more than an enemy, not a sister, not family. Despite this, I want to say goodbye to you, apologize for the hurt and pain I have caused, and reach out to the sister that I never got to know.

I can't imagine what you think of me. I can't image who you are, as I have no way of knowing, but I imagine you are a very amazing person and one that anyone would be proud to call their state.

I wish I could have gotten to know you and see you thrive, as I know you will, and I am sorry that my actions made that impossible. I love you, and I wish you the best of luck and happiness in life. You are beautiful and unique, and I know our family will love you.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

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April 10, 1865

Dear Montana,

I nearly didn't write you a letter, as I am sadly out of date on information about our family, and the only person I have to blame for that is myself. Nevertheless, despite the circumstances you were born into, I wanted to apologize to you for everything that I have done.

I regret that I will never meet you or know you, be able to hold you, and love you as a sister, but my lack of ability does not mean a lack of love. I might not know who you are, but I know that I love you, my dear baby sister, and I am so sorry.

You are going to have a bright and happy future. I can feel that in my bones, and I am sorry that I will not be there to see it.

With many regrets and all the love I have, your loving sister,

Virginia Rebecca [censored surname]

Letters Between the Kingdom of Hawaii and the USA

These letters were written over a span of seventy-two years by the United States of America and The Kingdom of Hawai‘i (now the State of Hawai‘i). The two countryhumans have graciously donated these letters to the Countryhumans Research Archival Project. This is not a complete collection of every letter they have sent, but rather the collection of many of the ones they still had in their possession.

———————

Letter from the United States of America written to the Kingdom of Hawai‘i, 1821.

April 7, 1821,

Kingdom of Hawaii

Ma'am, it was a pleasure meeting and doing business with you, and I thank you for being a gracious host. I have heard of the missionaries who have recently arrived at your kingdom, and I hope you treat them with the same hospitality you have shown me. Although I know my ways are foreign to you, I hope you are willing to listen to the gospel and consider becoming a Christian.

Aside from religion, I am also writing in the hopes that we can plan another meeting, one to discuss trade and politics. I am very interested in what your islands have to offer, and there is always the possibility that positive trade can open up my government to the idea of recognizing you as an official country on par with the nations of Europe and America. I hope that relations between our governments will continue to be positive and that we can continue to maintain positive relations.

Yours respectfully,

The United States of America

———————

Letter from the Kingdom of Hawai‘i written to the United States of America, 1821.

November 19, 1821

Amelika United States of America,

I am glad that you enjoyed my country, and I would love to have you visit again. You were wonderful company, and I loved spending time with you. You are very interesting different from Beretania and Palani, and I loved getting to know you.

Next time you visit, I will show you around more sights on my island that I think you will love. I know you want to talk about politics and trade, but I hope we will have the time to do other things.

Sincerely,

Aupuni Mō‘ī o Hawai‘i (The Kingdom of Hawai‘i)

———————

Letter from the United States of America that was written by one of his alters. Written to the Kingdom of Hawai‘i, 1822

January 19, 1822

Kingdom of Hawaii

Ma'am, I am glad that you are willing to host me for another visit. Your islands are beautiful, and I am interested in seeing more. However, I want to get business done before we do anything else. Additionally,

[The rest of the letter was missing, most likely due to age.]

Letter from the Kingdom of Hawai‘i written to the United States of America, 1825.

1825

America,

It has been far too long since your last letter, and I know we don't have any new politics to discuss, but I think you should come back to the islands for a visit.

I know that you are not a fan of informal relationships with other countries, but I think it would help you if you had a friend to talk to.

Sincerely,

Aupuni Mōʻī o Hawai‘i (The Kingdom of Hawai‘i)

Letter from the United States of America written to the Kingdom of Hawai‘i, 1827. America has informed us that this letter was him subtly talking about his struggles with DID and trying to convey that to Hawai‘i without explicitly stating it.

January 18, 1827

Hawaii,

I still feel weird addressing you that way and writing such informal letters. I know you have adopted me as your hanigh [hānai] brother, but this is not something that comes easy to me. I hope I can live up to the expectations of what you want to see in a brother, but I can't promise you anything.

I want you to know that I will try my best, but I am still as human as we can be in the end. I am not a perfect man when it comes to many things, and I am not a man who is good at keeping family. You have heard of my Revolution and how that ended for all my

familial relations. I do not want to hurt you, and I hope I can be the man you want me to be.

I fear that I will only make things worse for yourself, especially with how Britain claims to be your father, and how this might only add legitimacy to his claims. He will take it that way, even if you will not. Britain is a man who values control, and I know he will do his best to gain that over you, which is why he has encouraged those rumors so.

You are a very different country than those in Europe. Perhaps it is your culture, or perhaps it is just who you are as a person. Whatever it may be, I do not want to cause you to lose your cheerful self. I hope to see you soon.

Yours Respectfully,

America

_____

Letter from the United States of America written to the Kingdom of Hawai‘i, 1836

January 13, 1836,

Hawaii,

I am sure that your politics are much simpler than mine are now. I have been dealing with one headache of a border dispute between a state and a territory of mine, and it seems to have bled into all aspects of my life, leaving me no time to escape the issue. I am sure that your islands do not have conflicts like that, and let me be the first to congratulate you for that.

However, I am sure that you do not want to hear my political woes, and I will not be the one to bother you with them. I would rather focus conversation on anything other than the domestic politics in my country, and I am sure you feel the same.

My cat has just had a new litter of kittens, and they are the most adorable things. They are beautiful little darlings, though I worry

about the health of one, who seems very small and sickly. I hope that my next letter to you can contain the story of the kitten's miraculous survival, though I doubt that the news will be good.

I have also begun to work with pottery more. It has never been something that interested me before, but I have begun to realize that I have very few hobbies that I can do with my hands that don't remind me of my childhood in some way, and I have found myself trying to find more things to do that let me escape the worries of my mind for the feeling of something in my hands.

I hope that your life is currently smoother than my own, and that you never have to deal with anything like I am now.

Yours Respectfully,

America

———————

Letter from the Kingdom of Hawai‘i written to the United States Of America, 1843

26 February, 1843

My Dear Brother,

I wish I were writing a letter that held kinder things, more of my prattling on about literature and other childish notions with you. As you know, these letters are such a lovely way to put aside the politics and irritation I must constantly deal with in these days.

I do hope you haven't heard about Paulet yet, for if you had, that means you will probably have heard it from someone who doesn't understand what is going on here. And it's most annoying when there's all these notions already put out and it needs to be righted all over again!

In any case, I wished to let you know that I do not see this affair lasting, for I do not believe Beretania backs such foolish actions taken by a man who I do not even believe was sent by her Britannic Majesty. Paulet has claimed our lands under false pretenses, and has

been nothing but a bully since he has arrived.

Beretania is supposed to arrive quickly, and I hope he does, because I trust in his judgment and that he will right this wrong immediately.

I am a little worried for what it means for me, brother, and I will not lie to you and say I am not scared of what will happen here. I am worried if Britain really does wish for this, and if I will become his colony. He does not like you very much, and I do not suppose he will allow me to send many letters to you if I were a colony.

Though, he has been quite kind to me as of late, and perhaps he'd allow me to write to you anyways. I do trust he wouldn't stop the letters if I did write them.

Either way, I pray that the Good Lord takes care of this swiftly, for I do not wish for any more headaches.

With all my love,

Your Sister,

Hawai‘i

———————

Letter from the Kingdom of Hawai‘i written to the United States of America, 1843

27 February, 1843

Dear Brother,

I hope you forgive me for sending this letter so soon after the other, but I figured you should know more about the going ons, and it does soothe my soul to write to you.

Beretania came today, not too long after my flag changed—I do like this flag quite a bit, but not covering my *whole* face!—and he said, very plainly, that I was better off living with him and his children for the time being. I do agree it looks quite scary, but I would rather

stay! My people need me!

He says he will still allow me to send letters—and I nearly cried with relief at that — but then he added, so calmly, that letters *coming to me* must be monitored. That I must understand that his children must not be exposed to ideas from harmful outside influences. By which, of course, he means you. I dare not ever stop writing to you!

I wish my letters could get to you within a day, and receive yours in a shorter time, because I could really use some of your advice now.

I almost wished to snap out at Beretania and tell him you are not just an influence, you're my brother. And my brother should not have to have his letters to me monitored and read. But I bit my tongue, because he's already been so gracious, and I do not wish to anger him any more.

Please forgive me for my weakness when it comes to that.

He says this arrangement will not be long, and he does promise me that I will be independent after this is all sorted out. I do hope he is right. I cannot think what will become of me if it lasts more than a few weeks. I will simply go mad with worry!

But I am trying to be brave, and I do hope you are proud of me for that. I hope that Her Majesty Queen Victoria will be swift in her judgment and do what is righteous for our kingdom. I trust in the Lord that he will keep me in his hands, and that he will look upon me kindly in my time while I stay with Britain.

Please write when you can, and do be careful in what you say. I really do wish to receive your letters and get to read it all.

With all my love and my most frightened heart,

The Kingdom of Hawai‘i

Letter from the United States of America written to the Kingdom of Hawai‘i, 1848

February 6, 1848

Dearest Sister,

I am sure you have heard about my recent war with Mexico, and I'm sure I have letters from you that I missed while away fighting, but I couldn't wait to read them before writing to you. I have fantastic news. Do you remember the California Republic? It turns out that she was not dead like everyone believed, but is, in fact, alive and my newest territory. More importantly, she declared me as her adoptive father.

Oh, Hawaii, there are no words to describe the joy I feel. I simply had to tell you as soon as I could. You are an aunt, and I want you to be able to meet your newest niece as quickly as possible. I do not know when California will be made a state, and I do not want to be intrusive on your hospitality, but we must make a trip to your islands soon. I want California to meet her aunt, and I want her to see the world. I hope you are as excited by this news as I am, and I hope you can take the time to allow us to visit.

If we are able to come, I must ask that you do not ask about the war nor Mexico, who is California's birth mother. I fear those subjects are too recent for us to want to discuss them. I want California to have a break from conflict and for her to relax for once. She needs a trip away from it all, and if she gets the chance to meet her aunt in the process, I see no downsides.

Your loving brother,

America

_____

Letter from the Kingdom of Hawai‘i written to the United States of America, 1850.

1850

‘Amelika,

I just heard the news about California becoming a state. I am so

sorry, brother. I know you loved her, and I know she will be missed. I want you to know that I will provide anything you need while you grieve. This life is cruel to have given you such a gift only to have her taken away so soon.

I ask that the Lord forever holds you and keeps you well in these times of mourning.

California was a great person, and you were a great father to her. I know that she will not blame you for her death, so you better not blame yourself for it. I know you get into the sort of moods in which you get into your head and talk as if you were not deserving of love.

California would not want that for you, you know that as well as I do.

I have faith she has gained the best spot in all of Heaven to call her own, and that angels themselves have been entrusted to keep her safe.

I will always be here if you need it,

Hawai‘i

Letter from the Kingdom of Hawai‘i written to the United States of America, 1854

Dearest Amelika,

My brother, my friend, my confidant across the ocean. Much has happened on these shores since I last saw you. I pray that the Lord holds you in his hands for-ever more. I wish this was a letter of joy and innocent banter, like so many of our letters have been. However, it is a matter of concern that I must bring to your attention, concerning our bond and the relationship between us.

You know as well as I do that I adore our talks and I love being around you. I enjoy your presence greatly. I enjoy being with you.

His Majesty, Alexander Liholiho, has, in quite the fit of rage, forbidden me from engaging in any form of communication with you. Beyond the diplomatic necessities that bind our nations, he demands that I sever all ties with you.

What a horrifying thought indeed! To think he would demand such things of me!

I truly think that he forgets how he is King. In any other country, he may have not even had a chance at the throne, being only an adopted son of His Grace, Kauikeaouli, may he rest in peace. And he is the younger brother, at that! His brother Lot is older than he, but alas, he was not a hānai of our Good King.

While I understand His Majesty's concerns, I cannot ignore the bond we share, that you are my brother, and I your sister. It is not simply a statement of political alliance, nor is it something that can easily be cut, nor do I wish to. Amelika, you have been a pillar of support, a source of wisdom, and a beacon of light in my life. The very thought of severing our connection fills me with dread and worry.

May the Lord himself lay a curse upon my head if I were to ever say you are not my brother, if I were to ever deny you as family.

Reading that last sentence back, I do admit that was a little bit on the dramatic side, but the sentiment is there.

I do not wish to ever pretend you are not my brother.

His royal majesty harbors deep-seated suspicions, believing you to be of a manipulative and malevolent nature, capable of leading me down a path of ruin. And it cannot be denied that certain individuals from your nation have been amassing wealth and power within our borders for some time now.

It is a deep fear of mine that His Majesty's anger is not merely based on his personal animosity towards you and your nation, but of something more sinister.

There have been tensions and misunderstandings, and I worry that these issues may further escalate if we are not allowed to

communicate. Already, I have been placed under martial law, already I have found myself invaded by the whims of sailors with no orders from their superiors.

This is something that needs to be controlled, brother.

I implore you, my brother, to understand the predicament I find myself in. I will never stop sending letters, and I will never stop visiting the Land-In-Between. However, I still seek your counsel and wisdom, and I hope you write soon.

It is dreadfully boring these days before the wedding.

In lighter news, I have been enjoying Wuthering Heights greatly! I would greatly appreciate to know what other recommendations you may have!

Her Majesty Queen Victoria of Great Britain herself has sent a lovely veil for the royal wedding. I am supposed to wear something rather expensive, though I wish it was not so dreadfully tight. I am more and more irritated by the constant need to tailor clothing in order for things to fit properly.

Emma Rooke, my beloved queen-to-be, is so very excited to be wed to her beloved Alexander. I cannot help but feel excited for her, she is someone I have seen grow up in the Royal School. I hope she finds joy here, as I do. She is such a lovely girl, I cannot understand why anyone would think she is not right for 'Iolani. Her and Elizabeth Laʻanui are constantly on my mind, along with all the other children who were in the school. It is no longer a boarding school, but it still teaches so many children.

David Kalākaua, the mischievous boy I have spoken of who was an aide-de-camp of the prince? He is now a Colonel in our army! He looks so dashing in his suits, it is almost funny how fast he has grown. He is still of good character, a joy to be around and the life of these boring balls that seem to be ever so popular with my king.

Another accomplishment I wish to share is that over ninety-nine percent of my nation is literate! This is something I am overjoyed about, and I hope you see why. The children are reading, they are

learning Hawaiian and English, and even more!

The children of this land are bright and ready for this world. I am very excited for what the future has to hold for my children.

I cannot help but refer to them as my children, they call themselves so. Na Pua a'o Hawai‘i. The Flowers, children of Hawai‘i. I am filled with such pride and joy.

Until we meet again, my brother, know that my heart beats for you, and my thoughts are always with you. May your spirit remain steadfast during these trying times, and may your nation always be united under our Lord.

I pray for you often, Brother.

So graciously yrs.

The Kingdom Of Hawai‘i

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Letter from the Kingdom of Hawai‘i written to the United States of America, 1856

20 January, 1856

My Dearest Brother,

I do hope you will forgive me for how little I've written recently, but I can hardly keep my thoughts in order! Everyone must have thought I've gone quite mad, with how I laugh and cry and pace all over the place and wish to show off my newest and most beloved treasure. But how could I not be beside myself?

Sikaiana is the most beloved little darling I have ever seen. She's simply perfect! Absolutely perfect in every way!

You'll think me exaggerating—and I will admit I do—but she is simply darling of a little angel. She has the most delightful little face, with a pleasant sort of handsomeness in all her features. She's got the roundest cheeks and the widest smile, and her nose! Her

cute little nose is just lovely, the perfect place to pepper with many kisses and so much affection I feel as if I were going to burst!

And her hair! Her hair is so much thicker than my own, and it's a delightful thing, so soft and lovely! It reminds me something of what I have seen of the few sheep here, with how coarse and fluffy it is.

She does look like her people, who have much darker skin than my own, but she is just so lovely looking. She does look very little like me besides her flag, and that does make me a little bit cross, and I know it is something silly, since she reflects her people, and not me. I do wish she had something of mine besides.

She calls me her Nana, and that's enough for me. She asks me all these lovely questions, and giggles until she falls over.

But Lika, you will love her laugh! It sounds as if nothing in the world makes her so happy as to simply be alive and be next to me!

I do hope you can get to meet her soon; she will love you so, so much.

With all my love overflowing,

Your sister

Emma

Letter from the United States of America written to the Kingdom of Hawai‘i, 1860.

Note: This letter was written so roughly that there are ink splotches all over it, and in several places, the letter is ripped and torn from the force of the dip pen. It is also covered in what America says are tear stains, and he hopes it offers a glimpse into his mental state in 1860. He says he does not remember writing this letter but suspects it was written in the midst of a drunken mental breakdown.

Hawai‘i,

You would be a better state than any of the ones in my south. Traitorous bastards who betray their country for their anger over an election. Family betraying me and forcing me to hurt them. I hate them, I hate them, I hate them.

You are better. Savage or not, you are loyal, something they could learn. You are a [censored slur] who is more civilized than any of those southern bastards.

If you betray me like they did, my anger will be swift, and my forgiveness none. You ***cannot*** betray me. You will be loyal because you are better because you decided I was family.

If you really want to be family, you will be loyal because family doesn't tear me apart, rip me to pieces because they are mad they lost an election.

Hawai‘i, please, I need you, I need you to be there. I need something.

I need

I will kill those traitors and make them ***pay*** for this. I will hang them and show them what happens when they ignore the laws they helped create.

I know you understand.

Your brother,

United States of America

———————

Letter from the United States of America written to the Kingdom of Hawai‘i, 1873

June 20, 1873

Dearest sister,

How is my niece? I have not seen her for some time and wonder about her health. I wish I could take the time to visit you both, but my country and states can be ever so demanding. It is hard to be human sometimes, when my country calls at me so, but I do love both your company. You both have given me a family that I didn't expect, and one that I am glad to have.

You must convince Sikaiana to write more. I know she doesn't like reading, but there is nothing nice about getting letters from you both. I promise that our letters contain no planning against you and are just us talking about how we love you very much.

I jest, but I do love your daughter. You were lucky to be blessed with someone like you.

Has your government been treating you kindly? I know that the court can be more demanding than Congress, regardless of how I complain, and I remember how my siblings and I used to be presented before the kings and queens of Britain's monarchy. I can't imagine being independent and subjected to the gossip there.

I truly don't know why I am thinking so much about my childhood in recent years, something that makes me wonder how differently your government treats you compared to how I was then. My recent birthday has me reflecting a lot on my past, and how much more vibrant my life has been since you came into it.

You are so unique compared to others I have met, and that is a very important gift indeed.

I love and miss you, sister, and I hope you write soon.

Your loving brother,

Neville [censored surname]

———————

Letter from the Kingdom of Hawai‘i written to the United States of America, 1879

October 14, 1879

My dear brother,

Do you have nothing else to speak of other than problems with your government? I know that you are annoyed by them, but at this point, I wonder why you even decided to be independent in the first place.

Sikaiana says hello and wishes that you come visit. She misses her Uncle Lika and has apparently created a new scheme that she wants your help with. I know it is much to ask, considering how you are, but I ask you not to encourage her too much. I need peace in my household sometimes, and Siki is a storm at times.

I am sorry that I do not write as often, brother, but between Kalākaua and the many things I find myself doing, I do not have the time to write as often to anyone. I wish that I could, but the business is enjoyable at times, making me feel like a true country, one that has enough importance to keep them busy, though not as much as you, I am sure.

I had to deal with another sailor recently who was far too convinced that I am Beretania's daughter, to the point that he, being British, believed he had some authority over me. He was an unruly and annoying fellow, and I took pleasure in putting him in his place and reminding him of who my actual father was. As much as I love having you as a brother, I believe that our being siblings has not helped rumors about my parentage. Still, I love having you as a brother, and even Beretania cannot ruin that.

I do hope to see you soon, and please write to me when you wish to visit.

Your dear sister,

Emma Kailani Kaleili'ilanikamahoi [censored surname]

The Kingdom of Hawai‘i, Under The House of Kalākaua.

———————

Letter from the United States of America written to the Kingdom of Hawai‘i, 1884. This letter was written by America's

alter, James.

February 27, 1884

My dearest sister, Emma,

Britain is the most annoying country on earth, and I wish that all countries could get together and break diplomatic relationships with him to teach him a lesson about respecting others. He and I had been in such a good place, but he has decided to call me son again, and I have never been more offended in recent history. I cannot believe he has the gall to do that to me after all our history. I believe it is after his success in getting the world to swallow his lie about your relationship that he feels it is right to reclaim parentage and control over me.

If you talked to him within the date of me sending this letter, and you received it, and he seemed to be in a bad mood, I can only assume this is why. I do not understand Britain, like most, and I do not want to let our sour relations sour things for you, although I do think you are safer putting distance between your personal life and him. I understand that he is an important ally, but he does not need to be in your personal life.

I wish you all the best, and I hope the next letter I write has better news when I feel less angry with my father and can confer with you normally.

Your brother,
Neville [censored surname]

_____

Letter from the Kingdom of Hawai‘i written to the United States of America, 1887

March 1887

To my dear brother, whom I hold in the highest esteem, Neville,

I hope this letter finds you in the best of temper (though I confess I am half-certain you will be not be when you have read my letter

wholly). I am trying my best to write in a way that will not stoke your anger, as I know you have warned me several times against what I have done ever so recently.

I am unaware if the news has come to you yet, about my little darling boy being born.

I know you have told me before not to rush into these things, that it's a fool's goal to try to create a confederation of Polynesian states, but you know how my heart has been set on this so thoroughly. I know I swore to you that I'd ask your guidance about these things before I went into them, but this time, I do not think taking your advice would have been the righteous route.

A week ago, I made a choice—One I cannot take back and do not wish to. I have created the beginnings of the confederation, with Samoa. It was not out of rebellion against you, you old fool, but a longing for kinship, mostly.

You are my brother, first and foremost, but you cannot deny the fact that despite what has been professed between us, you and I have different blood in our veins. My people are not your people, and while it pains me to write this down, there are many things I cannot gain from refusing to acknowledge that part of me.

Samoa is one of my kupuna, of some sort, though I scarcely know where her branch of the family tree lies. Tevita—that is what we have named the boy, after David Kalākaua—is a part of a dream that is not to spite you, but to make this fractured world all the more whole.

I am sorry if you disagree, but I shall never apologise for Tevita's existence.

Sikaiana has become such the lovely older sister to her brother, holding him close and telling him stories and laughing with him. She has matured quite a bit since his birth, and I do think it is good for her to have Tevita. She is fiercely protective and has told me many a time that she loves her baby brother ever so much.

I know you'll be angry at me. And I know you have rights to be, I

have acted without your counsel and permission. And you are right in that I should have written you first and asked, but how could I ask when I knew your answer.

I will not beg forgiveness for my "foolish" dreams, but I will beg it for how I have not found it prudent to seek your counsel first. Please don't have this be a reason for you to hate me, Brother.

You will love my Tevita, I just know it, so please don't judge him before he has even had the chance to shine a light for you, like he has for me.

I am not a child, my brother. I am a grown woman and I do have enough sense to know that my poor Tevita's life will not be easy in these beginning years.

I love my son, Amelika. And I don't want one love in my life to interfere with another.

With my trembling hands, and all my heart,

Emma

———————

January 16, 1893

My dearest brother, Neville,

I do not mean to sound accusatory, but I am afraid that the tone must be taken. In the midst of this trying time in my life, when I ask of you brotherly aid and support, do I find that your diplomat has ordered US Marines and sailors off their ships and onto my island?

I do not mean to imply that you had anything to do with it, as I know as well as any country that we cannot control everything that our politicians do, but what does it mean that your diplomat feels so bold as to do that in another nation? I have called for your support, but I feel that it is not being acknowledged, respected, and I must ask you again, Neville, that you please do something about what your people are doing.

I know you, and I love you, but I do not believe that you support what is happening here. But they are convinced they have your support, and you must take action and change their minds.

That is all I ask of you, Neville. Please, just show them that you are my brother and that you support me. I fear what will happen if they continue to believe they have your backing and support.

Your sister always,

Emma Kailani Kaleili'ilanikamahoi [censored surname]

The Kingdom of Hawai‘i, Under The House of Kalākaua.

The United States' DID

Keep an eye on my Human POV oneshot book because tomorrow I will be releasing a oneshot related to this one!

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Excerpt of Transcript of the 62nd Session of the UN General Assembly Meeting, 19 September 2007

United States [In English]: Before we move on to the topic for today, I would just like to make a quick announcement.

United Nations [In English]: United States, I have said it before, and I'll say it again. If it's a personal matter, we don't bring it up to the General Assembly.

US: I understand, but this is something important that the General Assembly should be informed of. I feel it is easier for me to explain it all at once to everyone.

UN: Okay. Go ahead, but I will cut you off if I feel it is not important enough to derail this meeting.

US: Of course. Now, has anyone here ever heard of Dissociative Identity Disorder? It used to be called Multiple Personality Disorder, if that name is more familiar. Good? Now, I'm not going to get into its specifics because, frankly, I am not qualified to talk about it.

United Kingdom [In English]: What's your point?

US: My point is that I have Dissociative Identity Disorder.

UN: What?

US: I have Dissociative Identity Disorder. There are lots of people in my head. I'm not insane or crazy, but it's become important that you know. We have been able to handle it, but with more research and a better understanding of what it is, we think that it is best for

everyone to be aware of it.

[General background noise of people's reactions to it.]

UN: Quiet down. Thank you for letting us know, United States. If anyone has any concerns, take it up with me after today's meeting, or meet with United States in private. We have an agenda to keep, and I don't need you all getting distracted. Is there anything that we should be aware of about this condition, United States?

US: We got pin name tags made, so those will be used to let you know who is in charge, but we have enough control over who is in control that I will be the main one in control unless something happens. Thank you for your time on this.

UN: My pleasure. Now, to get back to our actual business.

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Official United States Government Statement regarding the United States' DID, 21 September 2007

Joint Statement from United States Elected Leaders issued the following statement in response to news of the United States' medical condition as revealed in the September 19 meeting of the United Nations General Assembly.

During the September 19 meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, the countryhuman of the United States of America revealed that he suffered from a medical condition known as Dissociative Identity Disorder, or Multiple Personality Disorder. This disorder was not known to anyone before the events of that day's meeting, and there had been no suspicions that the countryhuman of the United States of America had any serious mental illness.

Despite the concerning nature of this disorder, the countryhuman of the United States of America had performed without any difficulties and had never displayed mental incompetence in his work. If he had not publicly announced his condition, no one would have known he had something like that. The countryhuman of the United

States of America has been able to work and interact with others in a way that shows that he has control over his disability and does not let it get in the way of his job. The countryhuman of the United States of America continues to be an effective and well-respected member of the community and workforce.

Most importantly, this diagnosis is not a cause for concern and does not impede his ability to function as the countryhuman of the United States of America. It has not affected his ability to work before, and there is no evidence that it will begin to impede him now. There is no reason to be concerned about his ability to do his job and represent us.

We ask now that the public not pry into the countryhuman of the United States of America's personal life. A condition like this is a private matter, and any further information will be released at the request and approval of the countryhuman of the United States of America. We want to respect the private nature of his condition.

We wish the countryhuman of the United States of America well and look forward to being able to work with him for many years to come.

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Recording of an Interview with "US System," 18 April 2021, Interviewed by Jacob Richardson and Transcribed by Carmen Nielson

[recording starts]

Jacob Richardson: April 18, 2021. Interview with the US system about the public revelation of their DID. Thank you for meeting with us. I know this is a personal thing to talk about, so I am glad that you were willing to do so.

United States: Well, I think...we think that as a public figure with DID, it's important for us to talk about it, not only because it makes our lives easier, but also because we can work to fight the stigmas around DID that Hollywood spread, and let people with our condition know that they are not alone, that they aren't crazy, and

that it's just...something that happens to some people.

Richardson: A noble thing. Now, just to confirm for the recording, but I am currently talking with America—the United States, is that correct?

US: Yes, it is. We also have James, Caleb, Lydia, and Yonaguska close to the front with me. They might speak as well, but they might also just say nearby. So...sorry in advance for any dissociation that might occur.

Richardson: That's alright. We can work around that. And, of course, you are free not to answer any questions you like about this. We're here to work with you and record your story as you feel comfortable telling it. So, to begin the interview, what made you decide to publicly talk about your DID?

US: Well, it had been a long time coming. We've had the condition for as long as anyone can remember, so while some people like to call me the "original," that's not as true as they think. But...I was not aware of it until my War of Independence, which was a shock to me, but also very helpful. I had been able to dissociate away gaps in my memories for a long time, but since James had been doing most of the fighting, I...I would not have been able to cover up that. And...we did our best to manage it. We didn't always do it well, and trust me when I say it took a lot of fighting to get here, especially since we didn't understand what we were or how important some people were to the system. So, when we gained a better understanding and got a diagnosis, we thought it was important to tell others because we were done hiding it, and it made our lives so much easier when we didn't have to pretend with everyone.

Ricardson: In what ways did it make your lives easier to tell people, considering the backlash that it was bound to receive, and the backlash you still receive today?

US: Well, since I have the legal identity of the body, aside from the blackouts and whatnot, I had it easiest because I legally existed, and therefore, the public called me by my name. For everyone else, they did not have that. The only people who acknowledged them as people were my own family. Everyone else treated them as me.

And...we could handle that, but it just...it *sucked*. They have done so much to help me and my family, and they were being treated as if they were nothing more than me. And I know that no one knew, but it wasn't fair to them.

Ricardson: You wanted them to get the same respect that you had.

US: Exactly. And I think, since our family knew, we knew that it *could* be like. We knew that there was a world where people came up to us and *asked* who was in the body, instead of assuming it was me. Where Lydia and Rebecca, and the other non-men in our system, could be called by their right pronouns. We knew it didn't have to be pretending to be someone you were not. And...we wanted that.

Richardson: So what made you decide to do it during a UN meeting, and why at that time?

US: Well, the UN meeting just seemed like the easiest way to do it to everyone at once, and we wanted to do it in person. Plus, we knew that Unie [the United Nations personification] would keep anyone from speculating too hard about it, so we were hoping that that would keep questions to a minimum at that time. Give everyone some time to process before we got interrogated. We had also gotten an official diagnosis, meaning that no one could call us crazy or try to lock us up for it, because we had proof that it was a real condition and that we had it.

Richardson: Were you often concerned about being locked up?

US: [snort of amusement] Of course. They locked up women in madhouses for not agreeing with their husbands. If we went around talking about how we were many people in one body, they would have locked us up. No one wants an insane countryhuman. It was the main reason we kept secret until we had...proof, I guess, for others that we weren't crazy. And...

[The United States begins dissociating at this time]

[Shuffling, sounds of movement]

Richardson: America? Are you alright?

US: Sorry...bad memories. That...was something that haunted us for a while. I don't want to talk about it anymore.

Richardson: Of course, we can move on. Were you nervous about backlash after the revelation?

US: We were mainly worried about what the government was going to do, and I think I was more concerned than some of the others. But...we also get backlash for just existing, and I'm sure you've seen at least one batshit conspiracy about us before so...it wasn't new, hate from others, and I think that is why it didn't scare us. It wasn't the public that scared us; it was the government.

Richardson: So you were expecting hate?

US: Why wouldn't we? DID is poorly understood by science...I think it is at least. I don't keep up with the information learned about it. But... it's demonized by media and so are countryhumans. I am used to the opinion pieces denying me my humanity and...what more harm could it really do?

Richardson: How did you and your alters come to the conclusion that you wanted things to be public?

US: Oh, can you give us a minute? That's a better question for James.

[The United States begins dissociating]

James: Hello. I am James. Uh...sorry if we aren't going to be a good conversationalist...switching gives us a headache sometimes.

Richardson: That's alright. Thank you for being able to take the time to speak with us.

James: Mhm...so how we came to the decision about...talking about our DID. I...I front a lot when around Britain, and in general. I...I have been pretending to be America since we were little. I...I didn't like it. I know...I did it to protect us, but I hated not being treated like me. It was hard, getting denied that. I think I might have been

the first one to bring up talking about it with others.

Richardson: Was it hard getting treated like you were not your own person?

James: Very. I...it didn't help the thought that was always in the back of our mind, that maybe we were actually insane and...I wanted to...*prove* to the world that we weren't.

Richardson: How long did it take you to come to that conclusion?

James: A few months? I know we talked about it a lot, but it was over the span a...a while, because not everyone who we wanted to ask was always fronting or co-con or just...communicating at the time, and the back and forth meant things dragged out.

Richardson: Were you afraid of the backlash?

James: I was mainly afraid of how our abusers would use that information. We already have to interact with them more than I want us to, and...I didn't want us to give them more ammunition against us.

Richardson: So all of you had your own things to be scared of?

James: Yeah. We did. It was terrifying, but...it was also very worth it. I don't regret it. I don't think any of us do. It might not be the same for everyone, and we know systems that will keep being a system secret until they die, but for us... it's freeing, after so many years of hiding, to be ourselves publicly the way we are. And we're lucky that we can be.

Richardson: I'm glad that you have found happiness in this. Is there anything else that anyone else wants to talk about?

James: Uh...give us a minute.

[a few moments of silence pass]

James: I think we are good, but if anything else comes up, we can let you know.

Richardson: Alright, thank you fo—

[recording ends]

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Recording of an Interview with Massachusetts, 18 April 2021, Interviewed and Transcribed by Carmen Nielson

[recording starts]

Carmen Nielson: April 18, 2021. Interview with the state of Massachusetts about the public revelation of the United States' DID.

Massachusetts: I am glad that we are using the word public, because I knew about it for longer than *Father* did.

Nielson: Well, I guess that's a good segue into the first question that we have for you. What was your first reaction to learning about America's DID?

MA: Well, see, that's where we get into the weird part. I never really learned because I used to be a part of it. Don't ask me how the hell that worked, I don't know, and there was definitely a degree of actual countryhumans bullshit going on when we were younger, but I was an alter until I got my statehood, and that was weird, being...alone, I guess. But...I never thought Father was insane, and it never affected how I viewed him. I...I knew it was real because if it wasn't, then my entire childhood was fake.

Nielson: Well...none of our other questions apply now. [chuckle]

MA: Our situation was complicated. But...I knew for a long time, and so did all the other states. It was a secret from the rest of the world, sure, but for our family, I always knew. We all did. So...at home, we worked with the system, and in public, we helped them hide it. So when they said they wanted to make it public, it was a really big deal.

Nielson: Did you support it?

MA: I was really worried for them and all the ways it could go

wrong, especially since they were intent on telling everyone in person. I didn't try to talk them out of telling people, I knew how important that was to them, but...I worried.

Nielson: Did you believe that they could be hurt for it?

MA: Yeah, of course. I had seen the way that it hurt them, and I would have to be blind to see the way that people talked about mental health. About how it meant they were possessed by demons, a threat to society. Of course, I worried they could be hurt. I wasn't going to talk them out of it. It was their choice, and it was nice to see them...they knew how to work together, but it seemed like they finally had a confidence in how to handle things.

Nielson: Did their DID ever affect the way you viewed them?

MA: No, never. It was normal to me, so I had no reason to ever see it as weird. It was just one of Father's quirks. It never bothered me. It was normal, just part of who my father was.

Nielson: How was the public reveal from your perspective?

MA: Dramatic. So many people were coming to me and asking if I knew, if I thought Father should be locked up, and all that nonsense. Looking for a story and hoping that my siblings and I were going to give them one, that we hadn't known about my father's condition. It was a lot, because I think a lot of people wanted us to be horrified, like our father didn't have DID because he had been *hurt*.

Nielson: But do you think it was worth it?

MA: They're happier than I have seen them in a long time, so...I think so, yes.

Nielson: Is there anything else about this that you want to cover?

MA: Not without getting into anything private. Thank you for talking with me about this. I hope you have a good interview with Monty.

Nielson: I am sure I will. Thank you again, Massachusetts.

[recording ends]

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Recording of an Interview with Vermont, 18 April 2021, Interviewed and Transcribed by Carmen Nielson

[recording starts]

Carmen Nielson: April 18, 2021. Interview with the state of Vermont about the public revelation of the United States' DID. Thank you for meeting with us, Vermont.

Vermont: It's not a problem. I was the first one outside of the original thirteen to know about Dad's DID, so I hope I can provide some insight on what it was like to learn way back in the day.

Nielson: Well, then, let's get right into it. What was your first reaction to learning about America's DID? According to Massachusetts, you knew beforehand.

VT: Yeah. And to be honest, I did think he was a little crazy, and I began to regret wanting to be one of his states so badly. I still loved him, but I knew what it was like to be a new country, and I was worried that if my new nation was a little bit crazy, it could hurt me and my chances. I had been given deals to rejoin Canada and the British Empire, so I wondered, even if my people and I had fought in the revolution, would we have had a better future if we had joined them?

Nielson: Did that cause any tension?

VT: No, but mainly because I hid the fact that I was concerned. I think some of the others suspected, but I didn't want to cause problems. I just figured I would learn how to work with it and do my best to pretend like it was normal.

Nielson: I see that it drastically affected your perception of America. Did you expect or suspect that America had anything similar to DID or that he had DID?

VT: I mean, I had seen that he was sometimes absentminded or

forgetful, but I had just chalked it up to the fact that he was busy with the new nation. It never seemed weird. So, I had no clue that anything more was going on. We also hadn't spoken as much as one thinks before I became a state because it was a really busy time for us both, and we had our own issues that we were working on.

Nielson: What was the first moment when you really began to believe that his condition was real and that he was not just lying or insane?

VT: I don't think there was ever any one specific moment. It just sort of...happened, I guess, as I grew more familiar with Dad and the others. I could see how different they really were, and it became harder and harder to see them as anything but real people. I just regret that it took me so long to figure that out. But now, to me, it's so weird that I ever thought that. Even before they had a diagnosis, it was just so clear that they were different people. Sure, in a weird situation, but real and different nevertheless.

Nielson: Do you think it was a good choice to tell people?

VT: Dad was always telling people, the bigger his country became. It was surprising that countries like Cuba, who knew when they were living with us, didn't talk about it sooner, but I think with how mentally ill a lot of countries are, and how hard it is to just exist, there is an understanding to just...not talk about it. But...with social media and more eyes than ever on us, I think Dad also wanted people to know before the internet took off with their own ideas. It...I think it was good for them all to tell, even if I knew how people would take it.

Nielson: Cuba knew?

VT: Anyone who lived with us at any point knew. Dad and the others... didn't want to have to hide in their own home. It was *their* house, a house that gave them all a sense of freedom to be themselves, and hiding there would have only hurt them more. It wasn't out of character for them to decide that it was better just to be public about it.

Nielson: Yes, I suppose it makes more sense in that context. Is there

anything else you would like to add?

VT: No, thank you. I think I have said my part.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with Cuba, 27 May 2021, Interviewed, Translated from Spanish, and Transcribed by José Garcia Fernandez

José Garcia Fernandez [in English]: 27 May 2021. Interview with Cuba about the public revelation of the United States' DID. [switches to Spanish] Thank you for meeting with us, Cuba.

Cuba: It was not a problem. Puerto Rico told me about what you were doing, and I knew that I had an interesting perspective on things.

Garcia Fernandez: Then we should start. You knew United States had DID. How, why, and when did you find out?

CUB: I found out after I became United States'...ward, shall we say, in years I had to live with America while he pretended like he was giving me total independence. As anyone who joined his household did, I got to learn about his condition.

Garcia Fernandez: What was your first reaction to learning about United States' DID? You speak about him with a lot of bitterness.

CUB: I thought he might be crazy. It was definitely my reaction and how I treated him. Of course, that changed when I went under martial law. Then I was accepting of it, then...then I believed in it. I didn't have a choice, and while I know that it's real now, back then it just made me angry, when I was back in my right mind. I felt like I was going insane after having been forced to believe it was real.

Garcia Fernandez: Did you believe he was insane?

CUB: I don't know. Maybe? It was hard, though, and when I finally got my independence, and I left, I just wanted to put it out of my

mind. Didn't feel the need or even want to think about it anymore.

Garcia Fernandez: I know that the Cold War put you at odds with United States over a lot. Why did you never tell anyone, like the USSR, about United States' DID, or use it to discredit him?

CUB: I don't know. I did think about it a lot, about how it could send everything crumbling down for him. But...it felt cruel. United States was far from the first country I had seen suffering from mental issues and even if it was far more extreme in his case...I didn't know what that reveal could do for him, for his people, for his states, his territories, my *brothers*. I just...once that was let out, there was no controlling the backlash. Maybe it could give me some power, but would that really be worth it? Would it actually do anything?

Garcia Fernandez: Do you regret not saying anything?

CUB: No, I don't think so. I...United States has come clean, but it was on his own terms, and that's probably the only reason he has any peace about it. I won't be the first to admit that us countryhumans can be cruel on the best of days but...I don't know, I think mercy was the better option in that case. Or maybe it was the lingering effects of the mind control, who knows.

Garcia Fernandez: I am sorry that you had to go through that.

CUB: That's life for us sometimes. Complicated and painful.

Garcia Fernandez: What did you think of United States telling everyone?

CUB: I don't know. It was stupid or brave, depending on how you want to look at it. I didn't really care, but if you want to know someone who was really freaked out by it, interview Britain. Now that was someone with a reaction. [laughs]

Garcia Fernandez: He's on the list.

CUB: Good, good. Anything else you want to know?

Garcia Fernandez: No, thank you for your time.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with Liberia, 18 June 2021, Interviewed and Transcribed by Carmen Nielson

[start recording]

Carmen Nielson: June 18, 2021. Interview with the Republic of Liberia about the public revelation of the United States' DID. Thank you for coming all this way; it means a lot.

Liberia: Don't worry about it. I am in the US a lot for business, so it's not the most inconvenient thing. I'm just glad you thought about reaching out to some of us more...obscure countries, I guess, from an American perspective. Do you know how many idiots on Twitter use my flag instead of Dad's?

Nielson: Liberia, we have a topic to focus on, if you don't mind me cutting you off.

LBR: Right, right, sorry. It's just very annoying. Anyways, what are your questions?

Nielson: If I understand correctly, you knew America had DID before the public reveal. How, why, and when did you find out?

LBR: I never really "found out" because I grew up knowing about it. As far back as I can remember, I knew that sometimes my Dad wasn't my dad but my uncle or my cousin or my sibling or someone else. I never really knew it was something that was meant to be weird, because it was so normalized in my family, but I knew that it was something that was private, and I wasn't allowed to talk about outside of family.

Nielson: Did that change with your independence?

LBR: I mean, I guess I became more aware of how mental illness was demonized? But I never stopped believing that what was up with the system wasn't real. I knew they were different because it is unimaginable that they could have been the same person. I just

followed the same rules that I had followed when I was a colony, and even though I was independent, things really hadn't changed all that much.

Nielson: What were those rules?

LBR: Well, I already said the one, don't talk about it with people who aren't family, but there was also asking if you weren't sure who was in charge, not demanding someone else because that really stressed them out, and just...being patient when they got distant. Aside from the "not talking about it with others," the rules weren't really enforced; it was just how to work with the system and be respectful.

Nielson: What did you think of America publicly talking about it?

LBR: I mean, the weird thing was just being able to talk about it. Everyone knew I knew, duh, he's my dad, but I was so used to not talking about it that I panicked for like the first year whenever someone mentioned it. I'm glad they felt confident enough to talk about it. I know that that had to have been hard. As much as we all liked to say that it was a countryhuman thing that was the reason that Dad was a part of a system, I think most of us knew that there was something else going on and...I mean, it's the kind of mental health shit that gets you called crazy or possessed.

Nielson: Were you worried it would backfire?

LBR: My dad makes worse choices all the time. It's not even top ten.

Nielson: [laughs] Well, alright then. Is there anything else that you think is important to talk about?

LBR: I'm glad my dad did this. I mean, I feel like half the reason I can even come to terms with my own mental health is that I was taught from a young age that sometimes, people just are different, and it's a mental thing. Sure, I haven't been the best at it [lowers voice] though neither has dad [normal voice] but I think it taught me a lot more than I ever realized so...hopefully this has helped other countries realize that we're all a little fucked in the head, but that doesn't mean you can't be a good countryhuman too.

Nielson: I am glad that you and America have had those chances.

LBR: For better or for worse. Is that all?

Nielson: Yes, it is.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with Mexico, 30 June 2021, Interviewed, Translated from Spanish, and Transcribed by José Garcia Fernandez

[start recording]

José Garcia Fernandez [in English]: 30 June 2021. Interview with Mexico about the public revelation of the United States' DID. [switches to Spanish] Thank you for meeting with us.

Mexico: Thank you for having me.

Garcia Fernandez: Did you know that United States had DID? If so, how, why, and when did you find out?

MEX: I didn't know, and found out at the UN meeting. Surprised me a lot, as I had not expected anything like that. We have an understanding as countryhumans that we all have mental issues one way or another, but I had never expected anything to this level. It was sort of terrifying at first, because it sounds so *wrong*, but...it was almost easier to work with him afterwards, knowing about it, because you could work with the others that normally were fighting productivity.

Garcia Fernandez: [laughs] You just answered a lot of my questions all at once.

MEX: Sorry.

Garcia Fernandez: No, it's okay. It's good to have the answers. Now, did this affect your perspective of United States?

MEX: Yes, it did. Not necessarily in a negative way, but it made a lot about him made more sense, and it made it...easier to just understand how to work with him, and let him and the others ask for help when they need it. I...a lot of things about countryhumans are weird compared to humans, and this just felt like another one of those strange things. Perhaps concerning, but not the weirdest thing that has happened to one of us.

Garcia Fernandez: So there was no worry or negative feelings? I know with your history with United States it would be easy to see this as a bad thing.

MEX: We can hurt and blame each other for a lot, but...we all have a lot of deep wounds. This is clearly one of America's. It...it feels weird to attack him for this, when there has been respect before for my mental pains. It's an unspoken agreement to leave that stuff alone. For our own sake.

Garcia Fernandez: That's very honorable.

MEX: Something about us has to be.

Garcia Fernandez: Is there anything else you would like to say about the matter?

MEX: I...it was a surprise for us all, but...it made sense, in the end, and while uncomfortable at first, I know it's going to become more natural for us all.

Garcia Fernandez: Thank you for your time, then, Mexico.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with Canada, 19 July 2021, Interviewed and Transcribed by Carmen Nielson

Carmen Nielson: July 19, 2021. Interview with Canada about the public revelation of the United States' DID. Thank you for coming, sir.

Canada: Thank you for having me.

Nielson: To begin, did you know that America had DID? If so, how, why, and when did you find out?

CAN: I didn't know. I knew he had issues; that much had been made clear when we lived together, but I never knew it was anything like that. Father banned all topics of...of anything that could be chalked up to madness. We were a normal countryhuman family, and talking about anything like that wasn't allowed. Father feared that it would get us in trouble.

Nielson: Did you expect or suspect that America has anything similar to DID or that he had DID?

CAN: Maybe I would have if we had lived together longer, but I moved into Father's home around the same time that America began to grow distant from it, and eventually moved out. I felt he was insane for thinking he could be independent and leaving Father, but that had less to do with any idea of his actual mental health and more just...parroting what Father told me to believe and think.

Nielson: What was your first reaction to learning about America's DID?

CAN: Horror. I...America and I were on bad terms for most of our lives. We really only started working out our shit recently, when Vermont asked us to. So, when I heard about his diagnosis, it confirmed to me everything that I had thought. That America was an insane madman who was going to get more people killed.

Nielson: Would you say that it affected your perspective of America?

CAN: Maybe later, when we begin to work things out more, and I...I got to understand him and the system more. But really, what it did at first was confirm my biases about America, give me more reason to hate him. To think that an insane man had stolen my kid and made him [Vermont] his state. I hated him. I didn't want to or even try to understand America's condition.

Nielson: Has that changed?

CAN: Yeah, as we have worked things out, it has, especially since I have been coming to better terms with my own childhood trauma. I don't get the science or whatever, but I can see how it would happen. And...I feel bad for using it to confirm my own hate.

Nielson: Is there anything else you would like to say about the matter?

CAN: I wish...I wish that I had not been such a dick about it and that I had taken more time to try to understand everything. It would have made everything so much easier for us all.

Nielson: Thank you, Canada.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with France, 27 July 2021, Interviewed, Translated from French, and Transcribed by Pierre Roux

[start recording]

Pierre Roux: Interview with France regarding the reveal of the United States' DID. Ms. France, it's nice to have you here, especially since you requested to be interviewed about this.

France: I like to be involved. Much more fun.

Roux: Right. Well then, should we begin?

FRA: Indeed.

Roux: Did you know that America had DID? If so, how, why, and when did you find out?

FRA: Of course, I didn't know. America kept that close to his chest, and he and I were never close. I found out during that UN meeting, same as anyone else. It was the most exciting thing to happen that

day, if not during that entire General Assembly session. It was unexpected, however. Most countries were always intent on hiding their issues until they couldn't anymore.

Roux: What was your first reaction to learning about America's DID?

FRA: Interest, more than anything. It's an interesting condition, and being honest about it to our group of people, awful and cruel on the best of days? It was just as brave as it was idiotic. I was not as invested as some were, those who either thought they had deserved to know, and therefore wanted to, or those who wanted to find a way to exploit it and use it. Why do you think there was an uptick in anti-American propaganda after it? It was an easy weakness to exploit, and something that America had decided to subject himself to.

Roux: Did this affect your perspective of America, then?

FRA: I did not think less of him for it. If anything, I thought he was very...brave for it. Just like I was openly queer, he chose to be openly mentally ill, and that is not an easy thing to do, especially with as many eyes on you as America had, with as many people wanting to weaken and destroy him.

Roux: Did you expect or suspect that America has anything similar to DID or that he had DID?

FRA: No, not at all. It was new to me. I knew very little about mental health, and while I knew of people who claimed to be more than one person, it was always a curiosity, not a condition.

Roux: Is there anything else you would like to say about the matter?

FRA: I think there is a lot of misinformation about his DID in the media, and most of it is spread by people who want to discredit him and gain more control over what he controls. It's going to be used against him, so stop giving them fuel and believing them.

Roux: Thank you.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with City of Moscow, 30 August 2021, Interviewed, Translated from Russian, and Transcribed by Anastasiya Volkova

[start recording]

Anastasiya Volkova: Interview with the Moscow Oblast about the United States' DID. Now for the record, we reached out to your Father's email about doing an interview about this, but he declined and you came in his stead. Is there anything you can say as to why?

Moscow Oblast: Dad didn't want to talk about this. He has his...very strong opinions on things, and didn't want to contribute to hate or give himself and his people a worse reputation, and trusted me to be able to talk about how our family saw things while still being diplomatic.

Volkova: I thank your family for being willing to talk and I appreciate all that you do. Now, did anyone in your family know that America had DID? If so, how, why, and when did you find out?

MOS: As far as any of us are aware, no one knew, unless we are counting Alaska, but that doesn't really count, considering he's been American for such a long time now. Dad found out from the UN, and the rest of us either found out from him, or from the news. It was a big deal, one of the more...rival nations being mentally ill in that way. No one seemed to suspect it either. America was really good at hiding it, because if there had been a hint of it during the Soviet days, it would have been plastered on every news station, I am sure of that.

Volkova: What was your first reaction to learning about America's DID?

MOS: Shock I think. How else do you react when learning that your Dad's rival has a mental illness that means that he shares a body with other people? How do you react knowing that you were beat by someone like this? It was just...strange. It didn't seem like something right.

Volkova: Did this affect your perspective of America?

MOS: Of course. He did a lot of stuff, and gained a lot of power while dealing with that, all while keeping the world obviousness. It...it certainly made be respect him a little bit more, for being able to do all of that. Plenty of my siblings and people in our country were prepared to use it against him. Why not? He supplied the information, it was bound to work against him, despite the benefits that it might bring. Whether or not he's actually insane doesn't matter, most people will think he is, and no one wants to look up to or follow a man like that.

Volkova: Doesn't that seem underhanded?

MOS: It is. But just because the Cold War is over doesn't mean that we're all friends now, nor does it mean that we have given up old tricks. Besides, we were hardly the only country to do that. Even some of America's people were talking about how he needed to be locked up. It was just how the world reacted, no need to blame us for that.

Volkova: Is there anything specific you can tell me of your father's reaction?

MOS: He was mad that his son had died to someone who was not...mentally competent, and seemed to think that America's mental illness said something about his ideas and how dangerous they were, but that was years ago, when we were still processing it. Dad has learned a lot more about it, and even he knows that it is real, that America has this illness that cannot really be explained.

Volkova: I see. Is there anything else you would like to say about the matter?

MOS: My family and I don't hate America for this, and I know half the reason that we were asked is because of the Cold War, and how tied together we have become, but not everything that America does is something that my family cares about our agonizes over. We are our own people, not just America's enemies.

Volkova: Thank you for your interview.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with United Kingdom, 30 September 2021, Interviewed and Transcribed by Maria Simon

[start recording]

Maria Simon: 30th of September, 2021. Interview with the United Kingdom about the public revelation of the United States' DID. Thank you for doing this. I think your perspective is one that people are most interested in.

United Kingdom: Because I'm the reason he has it, or because I am his father?

Simon: Well, I—

GBR: It's okay. I know I wasn't the best to him. If we avoid that fact the entire interview, we're never going to get into the reality of what happened. I denied it a lot, when I first learned about it, and my therapists says that's not healthy, for him or for me so...I do want to talk about it.

Simon: Well then, did you know that America had DID? And if so, how, why, and when did you find out?

GBR: I wouldn't say I knew, but I had...suspicions. When he was younger, just the settlements at Jamestown, he used to talk about voices in his head. I had been terrified about that, and what that meant, about what would happen if my government and the world found out that I had a colony that might be mad, so as soon as Jamestown was under martial law, I told America that there were no voices in his head, and that he needed to forget about them. I don't know for sure if that was his DID, because it feels...sooner than it should have, for him to have it as soon as Jamestown was founded. I know now that he was the Roanoke Colonies as well, though America says he remembers very little from that time. I don't know if that is from a lack of recorded information making him forget, or if he was already a system back then, and I just

worsened things.

Simon: When America was your colony, did you notice anything that could be attributed to his DID? If you had your suspicions and had basically been told before you...shut down that conversation, were there any signs that you might not have noticed back then but are aware of now?

GBR: Yes, a fair few. One was the fact that America always seemed to have the worst memory at times. He was very forgetful. I thought it had come from...come from me hitting him too many times, injuring his head. I tried to ensure that anytime [voice becomes quiet] I...I hurt my children and family after that; I didn't hurt their heads. [voice returning to normal] I realize now that that was probably just because I was interacting with many people. I also noticed that America got distant at times. Sometimes I would see him curled up in a chair, dissociating. I worried about that, but I don't really remember what I thought it could be. There were definitely signs, but I also think I ignored as many as I could because I liked to think that I had fixed the problem with the martial law, and therefore it...it couldn't be linked to any madness. And New York knew, I am almost certain of it. He and America sometimes acted weird with each other, not like father and son, but...[signs] that was probably because New York knew he was talking with someone else.

Simon: If you could go back, would you have stopped yourself from hiding it from America?

GBR: I don't think so. I really...I think I was already a bad father, and that if I had...let myself be aware of it when America was living in my household, I think it would have made everything worse. I would have still called him mad, perhaps belittled him for it, and only would have used it to further control and isolate him. And...that would have been awful for him. No, it was easier that we both forget about it, pretend like he was normal. It allowed us to pretend to be normal. I think that was for the best, in that time period.

Simon: What was your first reaction to learning about America's DID in 2007, when he revealed it?

GBR: Horror. I...I just remembered being a young man again, hearing my son, my fragile colony, talking about voices, and I remember thinking about demons. I was still...I was still in a bad place then, still not working to confront my issues or what I had done. I was terrified that I hadn't been able to help my son like I had tried to, that after his independence he had fallen into madness and I hadn't...hadn't noticed. I know that that probably wasn't realistic, because America had been so *normal* but...I was scared that he had somehow been lost, and I hadn't noticed.

Simon: So it affected your perspective of America?

GBR: Not in a way that I was now scared of him, or thought that he was dangerous, but that I was worried about him. I tried to talk to him a lot in the days after that, and that's when I officially met James, who made it clear that I was accepting that America had this diagnosis, or was being cut out. That only scared me more.

Simon: Why?

GBR: Because I thought that the...the perceived madness was causing my son to be lost to me. But...he had a diagnosis, so I looked into that, and that's really what allowed me to start accepting that...that it wasn't madness but a real thing he had. And...made me realize that I might have had a hand in it.

Simon: Was that hard?

GBR: Very. I still think I struggle with it, and many of America's alters want nothing to do with me. I...I try my best to make up for things, and I hope that I can have a relationship with them.

Simon: Is there anything else you would like to say?

GBR: [laughs] Nothing that needs to be public knowledge. Have fun with England and Tad. They're going to spend just as much time arguing as giving you information.

Simon: Thanks for the war—

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with England, 30 September 2021, Interviewed and Transcribed by Maria Simon. BSL Interpreted by Wales.

[start recording]

Maria Simon: 30th of September, 2021. Interview with England about the public revelation of the United States' DID, with the British Sign Language being interpreted by Wales.

Wales: For posterity's sake, I will try to avoid adding my own opinion, but I can't promise that, especially if I want to add context or clarification.

Simon: That is alright. Just let me know what is England speaking, and what is you speaking.

WLS: Of course, I am a professional. Ow! Don't jab me like that, I am. You have a human interpreter. I did not need to do this for you. [silence] Shhh. I didn't.

Simon: Uh, sirs, the interview?

WLS: Right, right. What are the questions?

Simon: Did you know that America had DID? If so, how, why, and when did you find out?

WLS (interpreting for England): No, I didn't. While Britain had been more laser-focused on "fixing" his kids, he kept any problems he saw to himself. He did say once that if I ever saw America talking to himself or talking about fake people, to tell him, but I never saw America do that, and had assumed that it was just Britain being weird. I found out later, from the news cycle, that America had DID.

WLS: Speaking for myself here, but yeah, unlike the mainstream countries, we all found out through the information getting passed around. Britain had called and asked me about it, but I think most of us found out from the news, and certainly, for us Brits at least, Britain ensured that we all knew quickly. He was angry and

worried, and I think he was just looking for advice from all of us.

Simon: Did you expect or suspect that America has anything similar to DID or that he had DID?

WLS (int. for ENG): No. Why would I? That's not a common thing to have wrong with you. [pause interpreting] really Eng? Wrong with you? That's how you're wording that [clears throat, interpretation resumes] I believed that America had memory issues, and I definitely believed that there was something off, but nothing like this. I assumed anything weird was the result of a colony personification being made in a country like—

WLS: Whoa, Eng, let's...let's not talk about that. Not on topic.

Simon: What is?

WLS: Just—personal shit that is a topic I don't want to talk about without emotional preparation.

Simon: Would you like a new question?

WLS: Please.

Simon: Did this affect your perspective of America?

WLS (int. for ENG): Yes. I was really concerned about how that happened and how it had gone unnoticed for so long. I don't... [quick pause] I don't know if it was a familiar worry or a political one. I really don't know where I stand. But I was told that it was not America that broke my jaw and left me mute, but Massachusetts, an alter at the time. It was not right after the reveal, but I learned that in time, and...that did change things. I had always wondered how America could do that. And then it wasn't him. It was weird. I never spoke with Massachusetts or America about it, but it did change things.

WLS: You really should talk with them about that. You need to get closure and let things go. [pause] Oh, don't give me that look, you know that I am right.

Simon: Is there anything else you want to talk about? Either of you?

WLS: I'm...I'm good. America was brave for his reveal and I am glad he is finding happiness. E? [a few moments of silence] Yeah, E is good also. Thank you for this opportunity.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with Morocco, 19 January 2022, Interviewed, Translated from Arabic, and Transcribed by Nora Muhammad

[start recording]

Nora Muhammad: [in English] 19 January, 2022. Interview with Morocco about the reveal of the United States' DID. [in Arabic] I am sure there is going to be at least one person who contacts the project about why we interviewed you.

Morocco: I don't know why people are always so surprised that America and I are friends and have been for a long time. It's not the weirdest thing in the world.

Muhammad: People can be particular about their ideas of countryhumans. Did you know that America had DID? If so, how, why, and when did you find out?

MAR: I found out at the same time as everyone else. It kinda hurt that America hadn't trusted me enough to tell me, but at the same time I knew that I wasn't really owed that knowledge, and to me, it felt like telling everyone was just a way to get it over with in an impersonal manner, where he didn't have to confront people's personal emotions.

Muhammad: Did you expect or suspect that America has anything similar to DID or that he had DID?

MAR: No. I didn't even know what that was until America told us. I mean, he was weird at time, but we all are, so it wasn't exactly reading as suspicious. Just another thing that countryhumans have.

Muhammad: What was your first reaction to learning about

America's DID?

MAR: I...don't really know. Maybe...probably surprise and worry. We moved on really quickly because America refused questions and UN wanted to make sure that we completed the meeting on schedule. It was really later that I got to wrap my head around it. I also was able to call him, and America seemed upset that he had told me this way, but also had said that he wasn't sure if he would be able to do it one on one. He was worried that I would hate him. So...I comforted him, and I think we are closer friends from it.

Muhammad: So do you think it affected your perspective of America?

MAR: How could it not? I learned that my best friend is dealing with something that is far beyond that comes from the fact that he was once a colony, and his empire, his father, had hurt him badly. It hurt to know that that had happened and that...no one really helped. That in a house with his aunts and uncles and grandparents, everyone sat by while he broke. It's awful that he went through that and I don't care if he has DID, because he survived that, and that's more important to me. And...it really just showed me how strong he and the system are, to get through that.

Muhammad: You're a good friend. Is there anything else you would like to say about this?

MAR: DID doesn't make America a bad representation for his country. It's not a competition, and surviving to make it to be the country shouldn't be constructed as a bad thing. America has done so great, and I am glad that he got to survive.

Muhammad: Thank you for your time.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with the Philippines, 11 September 2022, Interviewed and Transcribed by Mahinanuioalii "Mahina" Wakabayashi.

Mahinanuioalii Wakabayashi: September 11, 2022. Interview with the Philippines about the public revelation of the United States DID. Now, we did not originally have plans to interview you, but you asked us.

Philippines: I had my own things to say, plus I was in Hawai‘i and Hawai‘i just had her own interview, so I figured, why not? Not a problem with more experiences to talk about.

Wakabayashi: No, there isn't. Thank you for your time, though. It is nice to know that we have enough legitimacy that countryhumans want to talk with us.

PHL: It's nice to be able to talk about all the old stories that are buried away in our minds. And...it's nice that people want to hear them, want to learn about us. Makes us feel more human and less like tools of the government.

Wakabayashi: I think you are a lot more human than people have ever given you credit for. But, to begin the interview, did you know that America had DID? If so, how, why, and when did you find out?

PHL: I found out after I became an American colony. I don't really remember if I was ever told. I was under martial law at that time, so time was just...not solid due to the fact that my mind was not my own. But I was told because I was meant to be an American for an indeterminate amount of time, and therefore I was let in on the so-called "family secret."

Wakabayashi: What was your first reaction to learning about America's DID?

PHL: I...I don't really know. It wasn't my own, I can tell you that. I was under martial law and told to just...accept it. I can blame America for a lot of fucked up shit that he did to me during that martial law, but using it to make me accept that he was part of a system and having me believe that it was normal...I can't really blame him for that. He was trying to prevent one more person from calling him insane. It was wrong of him to do so, but I can't really blame him. It was weird, because Spanish Empire and New Spain were always insistent that you could not be an empire if you were

not perfect, so...I would have never expected it, if I had the mental capacity at the time to be more surprised.

Wakabayashi: Did this affect your perspective of America?

PHL: I can't say for sure. I had only spoken to him a few times before he betrayed me and...martial law made my thoughts the first few years after my mind was freed weird. Not to mention, a lot of things about my perspective of America were changing, especially as I tried to figure out what I thought, and what I had been made to think. It was really just another thing on the list of "America-related bullshit," so it didn't stand out as much as it should have.

Wakabayashi: Should have?

PHL: I think it would have stood out a lot more if I hadn't been mind-controlled into thinking it was normal. It was weird, because by the time I got my own mind in order, it was...I knew that it was real, so...I skipped that skepticism.

Wakabayashi: Do you think you would have been skeptical of it?

PHL: Absolutely. Back then, that was like the epitome of madness. I think I would have, especially since America had just stolen my independence from me. I would have been skeptical, if not aggressive. I don't know if I would have done something horrible about it but...things were complicated, then.

Wakabayashi: I see. What did you think of America deciding to make his condition public?

PHL: I think it was an...impulsive decision that could have gone badly.

Wakabayashi: Meaning?

PHL: People still want their idea of a perfect country. Mental illness...to too many people, it makes their country, and subsequently, them, weak. He's lucky it didn't go badly. It surprised me, really, realizing he was doing that.

Wakabayashi: Is there anything else about it that you want to talk

about?

PHL: No, there isn't. I...not without getting into stuff that would be rude for me to talk about.

[end recording]

The Gold Rush Letters

These letters were donated by the State of California and the Country of Australia, detailing their correspondence during their concurrent gold rushes, along with an additional letter that Australia asked we include, which it said was "relevant to the path of our relationship." This spans the years 1851 to 1853, and ends when they say their letters became more personal, and therefore, they were less willing to share them. We thank them for allowing us to look at such important and old documents.

Note: During this time Australia was named Victoria, and will be referred to as such in these letters.

Letter from California to Australia, 1851.

December 18, 1851

Dear Victoria,

I have heard of your gold rush, and as I am experiencing something similar in my own land. I was wondering if you wanted someone who understands what it is like to be seen as a place of gold and nothing else, and watching yourself change because of it. Someone who knows what it is like to be looked at with disbelieving confusion because I am not decked in decadence and gold.

The reputation you gain from gold already hurts, and I know it will hurt more.

I know that our countries are not on the best of terms, but I do not see why we cannot try to be friends, though I do understand if Britain does not let you. I still feel that with our closeness in both land and time and language, there is something that could come from fostering a connection.

With respect,

California

———————

Letter from Australia to California, 1862

April 12, 1862

I should not be writing this. If Grandfather finds out, I will be punished, and he will go to your father to demand an answer. My hand shakes as I write this, and I cry, filled with fear. I do want to take your offer of friendship. I do want someone who understands, who was nearly born into this, just as I was, but my loyalty and devotion to Grandfather and the empire will always come first, as I wasn't made for the gold mines, but for my grandfather.

That being said, I will let us have this secret correspondence. It excites me to have this secret. Do you also deal with miners leering at you, who think that if they can find the biggest gold nugget, they are entitled to you?

Some think that I should dine with them, and some desire more. They see that I look am female and therefore, I should serve them in the same way. It is the most awful thing. I have also been interrogated repeatedly about the best locations to find gold, as if I know that.

There is a great deal of attention on me, and I hide away in my grandfather's home to escape it. I hope that you have a place to escape as well.

Thank you for the chance to be about to speak about this without the worry of my status or reputation.

Sincerely,

Victoria.

———————

Letter from California to Australia, 1852.

September 19, 1862

Dear Victoria,

I do not want to make you answer these letters if it puts you in danger. Please do not feel that you have to answer. With that, I loved hearing from you.

Yes, the miners here are also very pushy with me, as they believe they are entitled to something, and many are men, leaving many families and women behind. I know you might not want to cause a scene, and I understand that, but do not let yourself be walked over and hurt, as I am sure that your grandfather does not want to see that happen.

My family might have a complicated relationship with Britain, but it does seem that he loves his family. I have also just remembered that we would be cousins if my father had not made it clear he does not want anything to do with Britain. Life is most complicated that way, is it not?

My government is still eager to make me a good poster child for this gold rush, but I cannot help but feel as if they are waiting for me to gain enough miners, specifically to let me become whiter. I look a lot like the native people of my land, though that has faded some.

I am told that it is proper for me to look this way, and I know I should not want to look like the savages, but my face is not the one I had when I was younger, and I do not know how to feel about that.

Have you dealt with a similar pressure? We are both young, so I wonder if both our lands have not been civilized.

I hope to hear from you, but again, I would rather you be safe.

Sincerely, California.

_____

Letter from Australia to California, 1853.

January 25, 1863

Dear California,

You are right. I do look too savage. Grandfather and Father still love me, but it is hard. My hair is thick and not right, frizzy and hard to tame and control, like some of the other colonies' hair. Grandfather has tried a lot to tame it and make it look right, and is angry.

He knows the Africans cannot help but have hair like this, but with all the eyes on me, he wants me to be better. I want to be better, too. I do not want to be a savage in appearance. I am a loyal British subject and want to look like one and look like my Grandfather.

I am glad that there is someone who understands that I am not the only colony that doesn't look right. I know that America does not want to be my uncle, and that he would rather be anything else, but being your cousin would be nice if you were willing to let me.

Speaking of cousins, you are a state, and while maybe you are an imposter, which I doubt you are, that means that America's states are personified. Does that mean Michigan, Vermont, and New York are as well?

They have places in the family plot, and Grandfather talks about how horrified he is that America killed them, but did he actually? I know that if this is a secret America does not want me to know, you do not have to tell me, but I would like to know, if only for my own peace of mind.

Sincerely,

Victoria

———————

Letter from California to Australia, 1853.

June 3, 1853

Dear Victoria,

I am happy to be your cousin. As for your other questions, I would like to remind you that I was a country once, before becoming a territory, then a state. I will not confirm or deny everything else, because I know you are loyal to your grandfather, and I loyal to my father, and I will not put my family in more danger.

I think that is something that we should both leave unspoken and unaddressed. It will be easier that way. I love you and do not wish to lose this connection.

I have another question for you. I know there is very little from the scars of the land that causes us pain, but are the mines causing you any pain? I am in near constant pain some days, and it is not from any injuries, and has not faded. I worry that it could be the mines, as no one knows what is wrong. If you feel it too, you have my sympathies.

Your cousin,

California

Letter from Australia to California, 1853.

November 26, 1863

Dear California,

I am sorry to make you uncomfortable with the questions. I noticed that even though you embraced me as a cousin, your letter still felt colder. I will forget the implications of writing with you, and just take the opportunity to write with you. You are right that for everything we have in common, our loyalties are still different, and we cannot forget that.

As for the pain you mention, I do not have anything like that. I worry now, for your health and what that could mean. Do you really think it is something from the land, or is there a chance it could be something human? I feel that would be better because at

least it would be treatable. I wish you luck in finding a cure.

My father and brother, both of whom have gold rushes of their own, have tried to bring me into conversations about the rushes and the miners, and while I appreciate their opinions, it feels weird, as they are still given respect that I am not, and that angers me. Grandfather says that it is the way things are and that unless I am being disrespected in a way that hurts my station, it is okay, and I bit my tongue for him, but I am angry about it.

I wish that there were a way that prosperity and people could come without the chaos and greed. We would all be better off for it. Please keep me informed if your health gets any worse. I know I will never be able to see you, but if America will not make that information public, then I worry you might leave my life as silently as you entered it.

Your cousin,

Victoria

_____

Letter from California to Australia, 1975.

Dear Australia,

I find it interesting that all of the conversations we have had about the way we were treated by all those gold miners, neither of us ended up as a woman. You have taken a courageous step in choosing to live as yourself, and I applaud and support you for it.

Please call me at [censored phone number] when you get this so I can congratulate you in person and offer an ear in this time of great change.

However, I wanted to write this letter as a homage to old ties, when we were younger but perhaps no more jaded. Know that I still love you and support you and know that you are yourself, regardless of what people try to tell you.

You are a brave man and a great country. You're going to be okay

in the end.

Much love, your favorite cousin,

California

P.S.

Before you ask, I am not a man, but I am not a woman either. I don't know what it is, but I am me. Hawai‘i calls it māhu, the middle, and perhaps that is what I am. My family knows, but I fear telling the public as you have.

The Countryhuman Experiments of MK Ultra

Recording of an Interview with the District of Columbia, 10 January 2022, Transcribed by Carmen Nielson.

[recording starts]

Nielson: Interview with the District of Columbia about the CIA's MKUltra program and how it affected her. Thank you for speaking with us. Please let us know if you need a break. We know this is a sensitive topic.

District of Columbia: Thank you. I have not...I have not spoken a lot about this. It's been hard to. But people need to know what was done to me and to all the other victims of these experiments.

Nielson: To start, how did you end up as one of the victims of this?

DC: The CIA came to me. They wanted a personification that was connected to a government, and I was close and not as public as some of my siblings, so I guess they thought that I would make the perfect target. They came to me and asked to speak with me, and used that to get me alone.

Nielson: Did you know why they wanted to talk with you? Did you have any inkling that it was going to be something like what happened?

DC: I didn't know why I was being approached at first. They had framed it as another job that needed the capital, and even though I do not have the political power that they claim I do, people still act as if I do. I figured it was going to be another thing that I couldn't help with, some useless meeting, and then...I would move on.

Nielson: What happened?

DC: They brought me to a small room and asked me a little bit about martial law and puppet states, which I figured was about the war and whether something like that had happened in the conflict with the USSR. Then they showed me photos of my human face and the name I was using, and told me that unless I worked with them, they would publish the information and ensure I never knew peace. I didn't...I didn't want to believe that this was our government. I thought they were spies, but...if that got out, it could hurt my family. [voice cracks] I didn't want to hurt them.

Nielson: Was there a time when you realized that it was the government?

DC: I always knew I just...I wanted to believe anything else.

Nielson: Did they tell you their plans?

DC: No, they didn't. They just said I needed to be monitored and that I was going to help beat communism. That I would be honored for my assistance, once they got what they needed. They assigned an agent to me, said he would be with me at all times, told me to call him my boyfriend, and said we were moving in together. I couldn't do anything. I couldn't even speak with my family. He was also put in charge of preparing food, and I knew he was putting things in it. I was not allowed in the kitchen when things were being prepared.

Nielson: Did you ever think about hiding in the countryhumans pocket dimension?

DC: Yes, but they still had their blackmail and told me that if I ran, they would go after my siblings. They said they took me because I wouldn't be missed. It...it started to feel true. After a while, I was just [voice breaks, teary] they had just controlled that part of my life for so long, I was terrified to say no. I never really knew what they wanted. I know...I knew I died once from what they were putting in my food, and I couldn't imagine putting anyone through that pain. Especially with Delly being drugged into obedience during the Occupation of Wilmington and Hawai‘i being stalked in the sixties.

Nielson: Did you have any ideas about what they were trying to get from you?

DC: They tested my free will a lot. They did things like ordering me to do things that would hurt me and seeing if I would obey. I hear talk about the civil war and WW2 as well, so...that, combined with their first questions, made me think they were trying to figure out...why sometimes us countryfolk can be so controlled by humans that we lose ourselves. I think they wanted to recreate it, and I think they were also fascinated by what Terry did to Delaware, because I remember...I was drugged a lot after that happened.

Nielson: Did you worry about him?

DC: I had been ordered to bring them to them because they wanted to "record his injuries for prosecution." I think they just wanted to experiment on him, too. I refused. I wouldn't— [voice breaks, sobs]

Nielson: Do you need a break?

DC [teary]: Yes.

[recording ends]

[second recording starts]

Nielson: Please let me know if you need another break.

DC [teary]: I will. I...I was scared. I still feel scared—almost two decades of experiments and control. I don't even remember it all. That's the worst part.

Nielson: Are you still scared?

DC: Yes. I might have been shut down, and so much of it destroyed, but I worry about how quickly they were able to find me and if they might do it again. And...how there weren't as many consequences for the people who *experimented* on me.

Nielson: How did you feel when it was public?

DC: Humiliated. People...my family, they learned about what was

done. And...they had destroyed so much, so even if I wanted to know all that they did, I could never know. That's the worst part. If I have issues, I can't be sure whether they come from that. I got confirmation they were testing mind control, but...that was all.

Nielson: How did your family react to this?

DC: Horror. Dad brought me to his home in the countryhuman world, hugged me as I sobbed. Some...some of them understand. I got to cook for myself and...they refused to let me out of their sight. They were so worried that I would be kidnapped again, but I felt like another form of control. It was nice to hide away, though.

Nielson: Was that hard?

DC: Everything is still hard. I still dissociate a lot from it. I am paranoid and nervous and distrust the government more than anything. It's...and I could do so little after it happened. I have no voice. That's why they picked me to experiment on. I am...I am done talking now.

Nielson: Thank you for being willing to speak with us.

[second recording ends]

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Classified report taken from the MKUltra Documents

CLASSIFIED

THE POSSIBILITIES OF SUBMISSIVE STATES BEING TRIGGERED IN PERSONIFICATIONS WITHOUT THE RIGHT POLITICAL CONDITIONS

REPORT BY: [Redacted]

DATE: 1956

SUBJECT #1: PERSONIFICATION OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA (ALIASES: TERESA HELEN WASHINGTON)

NOTES:

Subject #1 was very cooperative in the early stages and willing to provide information about the different submissive states a personification can be in. She was more hesitant to allow us to continue our research through studies on her, but agreed upon the discovery that we knew her "human name" and "human form" and the threat that the information could become public, as well as us telling her that a sibling would be chosen if she did not agree.

Subject #1 may become more challenging to control in the future, so great emphasis must be placed on isolating her from anyone she might try to use to escape her duty as the Countryhuman of the District of Columbia, and on ensuring that she eventually understands our goals here. Subject #1 will become more open and accepting once she understands the true nature of what is at play in these times.

Agent [Redacted] has been assigned to look after Subject #1 to see the results of experiments and ensure that the secrecy of the experiments stays intact. Subject #1 is not permitted to contact any of her "family" without permission from the agent, and any communication she has must be monitored. Travel to the "Land In Between" can only be done with a week's notice being given to the agent. The agent will stay at Subject #1's home to ensure full compliance.

More reports to follow as the experiments progress.

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Recording of an Interview with the US System, 10 January 2022, Transcribed by Carmen Nielson.

[recording starts]

Nielson: Interview with the US System about the CIA's MKUltra program and his experiences with it. Thank you for speaking with us. May I ask who I am speaking with?

United States: The United States. I don't think that anyone else is

going to talk.

Nielson: Alright. Again, thank you for being here. Now, I don't mean this question as an insult, but did you know about the experiments?

USA: No. Being in the country does not grant me that privilege. It's also not a secret that I am a protective father and would have shut it down had I known. Our...our...free will feels limited enough. None of us wants humans to take away more of it. We are meant to be the people, whether or not the government is happy about that. If...when they try to control us, it's dangerous because it means they don't want what most people in the nation want, and they want to use us to make their ideas more...approachable. Not to mention, activating these states would be essentially enslaving the countryhuman. It's horrific. I can't imagine...it's horrific. The fact that they were trying to make my daughter like that...it scares me.

Nielson: What was it like finding out?

USA: Horrific. I...I hated it. I...I couldn't believe that I hadn't seen it. That I had *failed* her so badly. I should have noticed and stopped it. I didn't.

Nielson: Has that affected your relationship?

USA: I am not sure, but probably. We can't escape this, so it is there now, and...I don't want to speak for Dee [District of Columbia], but I know that I can't forgive myself for never noticing something was up. I met the fucking agent that was torturing her, and never noticed once.

Nielson: Do you worry that this could happen again?

USA: Yes. I had...I know governments are not perfect, and to a degree, I tried to keep my autonomy from mine, and I already had some mistrust and fear due to my mental health, but this confirmed it to me. That I can't trust them not to fuck me over, because there are power-hungry people in the world, and they like a say in politics.

Nielson: Do you think there was a good—

USA: There were no good reasons, just excuses and justifications. There are some things that we should leave be and mind control is one of them. This...this shouldn't have happened. I hope now that it is over.

Nielson: Well, that's all our questions. Thank you for your time.

USA: Thank you. I think...Dee's experiences were ignored or propagandized by others, and...she needed the chance to tell her story. Thank you for doing that.

Nielson: You're welcome.

[recording ends]

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Classified report taken from the MKUltra Documents

CLASSIFIED

THE POSSIBILITIES OF SUBMISSIVE STATES BEING TRIGGERED IN PERSONIFICATIONS WITHOUT THE RIGHT POLITICAL CONDITIONS

REPORT BY: [Redacted]

DATE: 1955

SUBJECT #1: PERSONIFICATION OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA (ALIASES: TERESA HELEN WASHINGTON)

NOTES:

Subject #1 was given the drug mixture of [censored] and will be monitored for changes.

Subject #1 talks a lot about the Philippines and the Southern States in interrogations about the submissive states of countryhumans. Suggested contacting them to get more information. If a set of

experiments on Subject #1 proves fruitful, one should be taken in to see if control is easier to establish on someone who has been under it in the past.

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Classified report taken from the MKUltra Documents

CLASSIFIED

THE POSSIBILITIES OF SUBMISSIVE STATES BEING TRIGGERED IN PERSONIFICATIONS WITHOUT THE RIGHT POLITICAL CONDITIONS

REPORT BY: [Redacted]

DATE: 1969

SUBJECT #1: PERSONIFICATION OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA (ALIASES: TERESA HELEN WASHINGTON)

NOTES:

Subject #1 has informed Agent [redacted] that Delaware's time under Governor Terry's control has made it very compliant and unable to disobey the ideas of Governor Terry. The agent strongly suggests that we contact the governor to find out what he did and whether it can be replicated with Subject #1 to ensure compliance and control.

Additionally, Subject #1 has been ordered to bring in Delaware so it can become Subject #2, building on Governor Terry's work to determine whether it can be redirected to the submissive state we need while we recreate the experiment with Subject #1.

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Recording of an Interview with Delaware, 12 January 2022, Transcribed by Carmen Nielson.

[recording starts]

Nielson: Interview with Delaware about the CIA's MKUltra program and his experiences with it. Thank you for speaking with us.

Delaware: Thank you for having me. If I'm being honest, I didn't expect you to reach out to me.

Nielson: In the files that survived, there are several mentions of you and us, and we thought it would be important to ask you about them.

DEL: As long as you don't ask about the Occupation of Wilmington, and keep it on topic, I am happy to talk.

Nielson: I understand. Now, you never were experimented on, were you?"

DEL: No. I was never experimented on or contacted. I think it was my family's over-protectiveness once the occupation was over that kept anyone from contacting me.

Nielson: Did you expect to be mentioned when the news came out?

DEL: Not at all. I think it was Rebecca [one of the alters in the US System] who was reading the documents who saw they had been mentioning me and talking about experimenting on me.

Nielson: How did that make you feel?

DEL: Terrified. They wanted to take advantage of how I had been tortured to try to figure out how to mind control us. I...I have been under martial law before and losing your mind like that...it's awful because you don't even realize that it's gone, and it makes you think that you are still capable of thought, when your mind belongs to another, and you have no independent thought at all. It's horrible, and I would never wish it on anyone. The fact that it is limited by politics and human shit is a comfort. Them being able to activate it at will is terrifying.

Nielson: I see. Did it worry you? To know that a discussion was happening and you were unaware?

DEL: Of course. I...I don't like knowing that to some pope in

government, we are to be talked about as if we are things. We might be...we might be human-adjacent beings. But we are still sentient people, not things.

Nielson: Well, I hope this project can help prove that. We're done with questions now. Thank you for your time.

DEL: Thank you.

[recording ends]

The Women of the Homefront

The following is a collection of letters exchanged between Kansas and Hawai‘i during WW2 while they were both stationed on the home front. This is not a collection of all their letters, but rather some of the most important ones.

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Letter from Kansas to Hawai‘i, 1942

January 3, 1942

Dear Hawaii,

I know that you and I have never been close, but since we are both trapped on the homefront (alongside Nevada and Utah), that it would be nice to exchange some letters with someone who understands what it is like to be a countryhuman in this time.

I know that out of the four of us, you are the only one who is medically fit for combat, and it must be frustrating that you cannot. I hope that I can offer an olive branch to help keep you sane and can give you support outside of your government.

I know that you are still at risk of attacks, and I know that I will worry for you. I know we can call, but I find that letters are more calming on the brain, being able to write out my thoughts and emotions about everything. Especially with your martial law, I think it will help us more in just being able to understand our thoughts before we say them, even if they might be subject to censorship.

I wish you well and hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

Kansas

P.S.

Nevada wonders if there is a military position there that he could transfer to. He thinks his hearing is still good enough to actually enlist in a minor position.

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Letter from Hawai‘i to Kansas, 1942

February 1, 1942

Dear Kansas,

I admit that it was a surprise to hear from you. I hadn't really thought that other states were not fighting, though I should have realized it with your conditions. I can see from the address that you are in DC. How is it there? Is there an air of fear and worry there, like there is here?

Japan looms heavy over my land, and I hope to see her beaten off soon. I do agree that letters are more comforting, and I am glad to hear from you. I know we have not spoken before, but the army here agrees that it is a good thing that we stay in contact, and that I have things that I can learn from you.

Regarding Nevada's request, I do not know whether there is any position for him, and the army seems reluctant to take him into my land, given the lingering possibility of attacks and his struggle to hear. They think it is best if he stays far away from anything that can hurt him, and that it is not safe for someone like him.

I wish you well and hope that your efforts are fruitful.

Sincerely,

Hawaii

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Letter from Kansas to Hawai‘i, 1942

March 5, 1942

Dear Hawaii,

You are lucky that you do not have siblings, as my brothers are driving me insane. It makes it so much harder to get any work done. What are you doing? I know the military must have you involved with something, though I can't imagine they will settle for just having you be a nurse.

[censored paragraph]

I am sure you have more important work than we do. They see us as incompetent because we are handicapped. At least they seem to have some sympathy for Utah and me, who were not born with our issues, but Nevada is definitely being treated as if he is stupid. The worst part for me is getting around the damn city in my wheelchair, and I am ever thankful to my brothers for helping me.

I hope that you and your people are well and that the martial law has not harmed things too badly. [censored line].

I heard that you will be taking in some territories as well! I wish you luck with that challenge, and if you can, please tell me when any of my family has been brought in safely, Guam, Philippines, [censored word] etc.

I pray for your health and safety, and care for you deeply.

Sincerely,

Kansas

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Letter from Hawai‘i to Kansas, 1942

March 30, 1942

Dear Kansas,

We should not inhibit the war effort by sharing information like

that. We are both just doing our best to serve our nation and to help your father achieve victory.

However, I can tell you that my home is going to be a safe haven, though I am reluctant to share who has come here out of fear for their safety, especially once we start receiving Japan's former prisoners. I know that I will be doing my best to support him.

I am sorry that you are dealing with struggles of your own. You are America's states, and if they had any loyalty, you would be treated with the respect that you deserve. I am happy to know that you are thinking of me, and I am thinking of you.

It is nice to have contact with other American personifications, especially given how long it takes to receive news from anyone else. I also wish you well and hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

Hawaii

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Letter from Kansas to Hawai‘i, 1942

December 27, 1942

Dear Hawaii,

They were showing your films in DC. I hadn't known that you were doing that, nor that your hair had been changed. While I am sure that is for the movies, I [censored lines].

It was a strange surprise, and Nevada is very insistent that they are [censored line]. Don't let [censored line]

I hope you are well. Maybe focus more on helping your charges as opposed to these movies, however. You are a good mother, and I am sure that your talents are better spent there.

Best wishes,

Kansas

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Letter from Hawai‘i to Kansas, 1943

January 22, 1943

Dear Kansas,

I am happy to know that my films are being shown across the country! It is amazing to know that many people are able to see them. They help show my loyalty and what I can do best to raise the morale of the people.

Thank you for telling me this. It was nice to know. Do you remember which one you saw? There are also many different ones, each with its own story, and if you have only seen one, you should see the others. I am very proud of my work and all that they do for the war effort.

I am happy to know that I am doing good work to help the country and your father. Write me back with more details when you can!

With much love,

Hawaii

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Letter from Kansas to Hawai‘i, 1944

February 7, 1944

Dear Hawaii,

Did you read the paper about Kentucky? I had known that Japan had captured him, but they had not informed me of any of those details.

[censored paragraph]

[censored paragraph]

Please let me know. I hope your charges that you have now are safe and healing.

Sincerely,

Kansas

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Letter from Hawai‘i to Kansas, 1944

August 13, 1944

Dear Kansas,

You will be happy to know that one of your sisters is safe. I am afraid that I cannot give any more details, but I am sure that you know what I mean. By the time you get this letter, you might already know about it, but I wanted to be able to tell you myself.

The war is going well, and I think that it can be over soon. Your father is strong and can defeat him. How is Utah? I know you told me about his little accident, but by now he is sure to have healed. I worry for you sometimes, even if we are all far from the war.

I hope the liberation of our family comes sooner, and we don't have to worry about anyone anymore. I hope that you will be able to get more information soon and contact your sister. I would be able to give her letters if you have any, however.

Sincerely,

Hawaii

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Letter from Kansas to Hawai‘i, 1944

September 20, 1944

Dear Hawaii,

I have attached a letter to my sister. Thank you for everything.

Sincerely,

Kansas

Delaware's Recollection of New Sweden

Excerpt of an explanation about countryhuman replacements by countryhuman researcher Ailbhe O'Brien.

An interesting facet of countryhuman revival is the small cases in which they cannot. This typically comes after one countryhuman is killed by another, preventing the ability for a countryhuman to revive itself. After this occurs, a new countryhuman is born to ensure that the land is without one. These countryhumans are called "replacements" and are exactly the same as normal countryhumans, though they have historically not been treated this way, and have been subjected to large-scale campaigns of harassment, especially from enemies.

This harassment has extended so far that several replacements, such as Sweden and Japan, hid the fact that they were replacements and used wars and other political events to try to hide what had happened so they could appear as "normal" countryhumans.

The one marker of a "replacement" countryhuman is their memory, as they appear to share memories with the prior countryhuman. As it was not a normal transition, many countryhumans believe that the soul is reused to create the replacement, or that the violence predating their birth imprints itself onto the "replacement" countryhuman.

However, some "replacement" countryhumans, such as the US State of Delaware and Wales, believe themselves to be the same countryhuman as the one that was killed. In the case of Wales, he describes it as "my body was reset...and I lost memories for a while. I was still Gwynedd. I just didn't remember that yet."

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Recording of an Interview with Delaware, 11 May 2023,

Interviewed and Transcribed by Robert Wilson.

[recording starts]

Wilson: May 11, 2023. Interview with the state of Delaware about what he remembers from the deceased colony of New Sweden. Thank you for being willing to speak with us about this. I know that things for uh...

Delaware: You can just call us replacements. Everyone does. It might have been created to be rude, but it's what I've known myself as for a long time. It doesn't bother me.

Wilson: Right, well, I know things for replacements can be a bit weird.

DEL: They definitely are. My experiences with New Sweden and my relationship with that time of my life are unique to me and me alone. It's not the same for New York or Sweden or anyone else. After all, I consider myself New Sweden, and therefore Sweden's sister, because she does not consider herself our father.

Wilson: That sounds complicated. I hadn't considered that both of you were replacements before.

DEL [laughs]: It can be, but it's also something that brings us closer. We both...understand what it is like to have these memories that you are trying to figure out whether they are yours or not. It's nice, even though it may seem complicated.

Wilson: Well, that is good. Now, you consider yourself New Sweden. Did you always see yourself that way?

DEL: As Delaware? I mean, I went through a lot of names around that time, and I was weak and sick and didn't have a set identity for a while. Once I started remembering, being New Sweden made the most sense. It was a country name that was solid, until the list of names I had gone through before I became the Lower Counties on the Delaware. So adopting it until I had a better handle on who I was supposed to be now just made sense.

Wilson: Do you think that is why you are one of the few

replacements that consider themselves to be the same as the one who came before?

DEL: Well, maybe, but I think gender also plays a role. Not to keep bringing him up, but he's my best comparison, but New York is the replacement of New Netherland, and she was a woman. So for him, even though he has her memories, it's a lot harder to see himself in them. But I'm a guy, and my appearance never changed from when I was New Sweden, so there is a continuity there that just makes it...easy, I guess, to say I am still the same. And...I feel the same. I don't feel like I am a different person. I feel like I just forgot a lot about who I was, and I am still trying to remember everything.

Wilson: I see. Do you think you were affected by people talking about Delaware and New Sweden as if they were separate?

DEL: Maybe? I am not sure. I always corrected people, but when things restarted as Delaware, my body was weaker, and I didn't speak much English, mainly Dutch, Swedish, Finnish, and some Lenape. Their concern was helping me learn English, so that was where the priority lay. And by the time I could communicate properly that I was New Sweden, and remembered enough to know that for sure.

Wilson: What is it like? Remembering something from New Sweden?

DEL: Well, just after the transition happened, when I was younger, I would have vivid dreams all the time of his memories, and I would wake up not remembering that I was Delaware now, and it would take me a few minutes to remember that...that that time is gone now. It still happens from time to time now, but less than it did because I have less that I need to remember. After that, it turned into remembering things more when something triggered a memory, like someone saying something or a sight. That's how most of it is now. Since I've remembered most things, everything else needs to be shaken loose by a reminder.

Wilson: Are most of your memories that vivid?

DEL: Like I said, not anymore, though the vividness of it and fully

believing that I was still New Sweden, that I hadn't passed into Dutch or British hands, was probably what helped really confirm who I was for me.

Wilson: What do you think about people who say that you cannot be New Sweden, or try to convince you that you are truly separate people?

DEL: They can say whatever they want. They aren't me. They can't tell me who I am or what I remember. Because [voice turns soft and wistful] I remember my isä, the Forest Finns. I remember that he was the only parent to raise me, because Swedish Empire was busy at war and Lenni Lenape was her own nation, a separate one. I remember reading with him. I remember him singing. I remember all the thousand soft little moments that exist only with me now, because he's gone. If I never met him as Delaware, then why do I remember his voice and all the little things you'd only know if you truly met him?

Wilson: I am sorry for your loss.

DEL: It's okay. But...I am not going to let that define who I am. I know who I am, and that's New Sweden as well as Delaware. There's not much more to say about that.

Wilson: Well, does that mean that you are done with the interview?

DEL: If you have more questions, I can answer them.

Wilson: Well, I got asked if I could ask you if you remembered the transition, but I don't think that one is appropriate.

DEL [laughs]: Not particularly, though I don't remember anything about that.

Wilson: Well then, I think that is done. Thank you for speaking with us.

[recording ends]

The Start of the Cycle

Recording of an Interview with Sussex, the 30th of December 2021, Interviewed and Transcribed by Maria Simon.

[start recording]

Maria Simon: 30th of December, 2021. Interview with Sussex about the Norman Conquest. Now, you came to us wanting to talk about this, alongside some other counties. Would any of you like to explain why?

Sussex: Well, I think everyone knows that a few years ago England regrew his wings, which started a point where we could talk with him about how...how much the Norman Conquest changed for us, how it changed us, and how bad it really was, something that we hadn't really done before. And...it's been a while since then, and I know it was a long time ago, but I think it's important that we do talk about it and explain...how it changed us, especially since our refusal to talk about it before has affected the narrative that exists now.

Simon: I see. And, just to clarify, England grew those wings in 2007. Was that the 'few years ago' you mentioned?

SSX [laughs]: Yes. I guess that was a long time ago, but it does not feel that way. We...we spent so long in denial about...everything that the time we have been able to speak about it feels so short in comparison.

Simon: Well, I don't have any guiding questions, so why don't you just speak about your experiences?

SSX: Well, it was not the first time we had dealt with invasions. Denmark had been in control before, enough that we had a working relationship with her. Normandy was different. Unlike Denmark, which worked with us counties and England to control our land,

Normandy didn't want to work with us; she wanted all of us to be her underlings, to be obedient and loyal and never...never think about before she was there. She made it clear that she was in charge now, and we would accept that.

[silence for 6 seconds]

Simon: Are you okay?

SSX: Yeah, just...thinking about what to say next. Uh, the worst part about her invasion was the fact that she took England. Not as in his land, but as in *him*. She locked him away and didn't let us see him, and we just had to take her word that he was okay. The next time we saw him, his wings had been cut off, and he...he was different. It had been a few years by that point, and...well, Normandy had forced him into line. I don't want to theorize as to what happened, and England is still processing it, but...I know it was bad, and I know by the time we saw him again, England was both terrified of her and adored her, and would do anything Normandy said. And...he didn't realize, or want to accept, that he had been hurt or abused by her until recently.

Simon: That must have been terrifying.

SSX: It was. His father was Wessex, my brother, and I had promised my brother I would look after his son, and I had failed. And England was young, by country standards, a little over a hundred. He...a part of him was killed in the Norman Conquest, and I have never been able to forgive myself for not fighting harder to protect him.

Simon: I'm sorry.

SSX: It's okay. I am working through that with my family now. We've been closer since it became easier to talk about this, and...it's been nice. I know...I know some of the others are going to talk more about how England changed and details they know, but thinking about that sometimes makes me sick with guilt. England was a good kid before the conquest, sure, scarred by the violence of his childhood, but kinder and softer in a way that Normandy forced out of him. Sometimes I wonder if England could have been a better

father without Normandy's presence. It's a joke with the former colonies that the cycle of violence started with Normandy, and that because of her, England and UK ended up the way that they were. And...I know that that is kind of true. I know that her presence can still be felt. Maybe the Norman Conquest as a whole doesn't affect the people the way it affects us, but...it hangs over our family. More than I think anyone truly realizes.

Simon: That sounds awful.

SSX: That's just the way that it was. My brother can tell you more; we all interacted with her in different ways. She had her own ways of controlling us and getting compliance, and...sometimes I wonder what would have happened if she hadn't divided us so well.

Simon: There are a lot of what-ifs.

SSX: More than you could ever imagine. I think you've heard enough from me. I am going to send in Essex now.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with Essex, the 30th of December 2021, Interviewed and Transcribed by Maria Simon.

[start recording]

Maria Simon: 30th of December, 2021. Interview with Essex about the Norman Conquest. Your brother just started talking to us, if you want to continue that format. I don't have any interview questions really prepared.

Essex: Right. Yeah. Sussex really wanted us to talk about this, so people know. Uh...well, the first thing that you should probably know about me is that I'm the sellout. That was my role in everything Normandy did to us. I sold out. I don't...I don't know what about me Normandy thought was controllable, but she told me that if I provided her information on the old countries, and their loyalties and feelings toward her, I would be allowed to see England. I had to...I had to reinforce her ideas, and maybe through

that, I fucked up my nephew more. I...but I loved him, and I wanted someone to be able to be there for him. I said yes. I still feel guilty about that.

Simon: What was that like?

ESS: I was lying to everyone in my family to save the person ripping it apart. I hated it but...I got to check on my nephew, and maybe he was changed, but he was alive, and we...had worried a lot about that, especially when she cut off his wings and showed them to us. I got to be there. I betrayed my brother and cousins, but England got to talk to someone who wasn't completely under Normandy's thumb, even...even if it felt that way sometimes. He got someone older who remembered before and gave him support that Normandy had taken away.

Simon: There were no good choices, where there?

ESS: No. We just made the best choices we could. I sold out. Northumbria and Durham fought. Cornwall and Devon hide and...it sucked. I was able to get to know the new countries, though, and that was important because even though they were his kids, even England really wasn't seeing them in those early days.

Simon: Why is that?

ESS: Same reason Britain raised his grandkids. If England raised them, that gave him more power, and Normandy was already dealing with the old counties being disobedient, and didn't need the new ones being in the way as well. And... well, Normandy was trying to make England feel young, more like a kid who needed her guidance. Kids don't raise kids. And...for unlucky ones like Middlesex, they were not even treated as family. She was a lady-in-waiting. They didn't know anything else, and there's a bigger rush being served and obeyed by countryhumans as opposed to humans.

Simon: I see. Do you think it was a mistake to get her trust the way that you did?

ESS: I regret the betrayal, but one of us had to be there...I think that was for the best. I'm....I'm done now.

Simon: Okay, thank you.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with Northumbria (Northumberland), the 9th of January 2022, Interviewed and Transcribed by Maria Simon.

[start recording]

Maria Simon: the 9th of January, 2022. Interview with Northumberland about the Norman Conquest.

Northumbria: Oh, god, just call me Northumbria. I hate that new version of my name; it sounds awful. Put Northumbria on the documents from this interview as well.

Simon [laugh]: Oh, alright. I will be sure to do that.

NBL: Good. Now, I was not there when Normandy came. I was up north, keeping an eye on the situation there. Everyone else was focused on the south and Normandy, and I was staying to keep an eye out for the Norse to see if they would come back. Norway had been with the initial invasion, so that was a worry.

Simon: When did you learn about Normandy winning and the others being prisoners?

NBL: Legally. England was the only one who was actually locked away. He was the hostage meant to ensure the cooperation of my cousins and sister, and to ensure that he could be molded into Normandy's lackey, to solidify her ownership. I...it scared me. England being captured was also meant to solidify my cooperation. And...I didn't see it until much later, but Normandy had cut off his wings.

Simon: What was that like?

NBL: It was scary, though I was not experiencing it myself. I...I was willing to fight. I am...I am not willing to talk about the specifics of

what. I don't know if I would ever be, but my attempt at fighting back for my nephew and newborn son failed. Normandy ensured I paid for it, and I still have the scars. Durham and I were imprisoned for years, and some days, it felt as if she would never free us.

Simon: Was it similar to how England was imprisoned?

NBL [laugh]: No, England's prison was a gilded cage made to foster obedience and love. My cage was just a cage. So was Durham's. We were kept close enough to see each other, but anytime we both tried to communicate, we were punished. Normandy freed us eventually, but forced us to swear oaths of loyalty and tried her best to keep us from our land, even to the point where it hurt us.

Simon: Did you also experience the idea that England had changed?

NBL: I came back, and my sister was dead and my nephew a different person who struggled to call me aunt, because not only was I a traitor, but me being his aunt threatened Normandy's narrative that Mercia was not England's mother, but that Normandy herself was.

Simon: Why did Normandy push that narrative?

NBL: Control. The parent country controls their child. The parent is older, wiser, and the child is meant to obey. By making that narrative, she forced the social norms of that relationship on England. It's complicated, and I don't know how well it translates for humans, but mother is not just a family term. Mother, father, that means they are a predecessor, or if they live at the same time as you, a force meant to control you, and who you are meant to obey. If Normandy claims that title, she claims control. She claims the idea that she was an important part of making England and his history. She claims a lot, and once England believes that, he absorbs these implications. It's why adopting a colony you took from someone else becomes so important in the colonial era. It's a very powerful cultural thing for countryhumans.

Simon: I see. Do you think that humans of the era were aware of what she was trying to do?

NBL [laughs]: She never tried to hide it. We knew. We could never know otherwise. She did what she needed to ensure that we cooperated or could not be a threat, and to ensure she controlled England, because if he is under her control, he can ensure his people are there as well.

Simon: Very complicated then.

NBL: Yes, very. Everything was changing and...I was away from a lot of those changes. It was pain that was hidden by a fucked up notion of love that we all carried with us and forced more and more into families. I think that's all I have to say. Remember, Northumbria, not Northumberland. That name is stupid, and I stand by that.

Simon [laughs]: I will. We might still have to have Northumberland for legal and categorization reasons. It is your modern name.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with Cornwall, the 15th of January 2022, Interviewed and Transcribed by Maria Simon.

[start recording]

Maria Simon: 15th of January, 2022. Interview with Cornwall about the Norman Conquest. So what did you want to talk about?

Cornwall: Well, England's father Wessex was a good friend of mine. He had extracted a problem from me, to look after England, as we were not sure the old counties would survive, and he wanted his son to have someone to look up to, to ask for advice. Many countryhumans are alone at birth. Wessex didn't want his son to be. Wessex and I were cousins, so I was England's aunt. After his birth, England's mother Mercia had survived, so she did raise him. England always has someone. His mother, aunts, and uncles, all looking out for him and providing needed support. He was a good kid.

Simon: Then Normandy came. How did that change things?

CON: Well, Normandy could barely handle the Anglo-Saxons being different, let alone me. She...she wanted her control over him, through the pseudo familial relations. She saw Mercia as a threat and ensured she was killed, and had I been more involved in raising England than Kent or Northumbria and...well, Kent knows who to keep her head down, and Northumbria got decimated in the harrying, so I learned to keep my mouth shut and head down, and learned what I could from letters. My saving grace was being a people's personification. Even now, we are overlooked. Still, it hurt, having to stay away from my family even as the conquest gave me my son. I threw my focus into raising him, hoping it could soothe the pain. It didn't.

Simon: Do you think it was better not to be there?

CON: Worse. I had no idea what was happening and heard everything through rumors and letters. And those ended as we grew more distant, and then it was as if I had never been family at all. I wonder if England still remembers or if he repressed it.

Simon: Do you think he would have?

CON: Trauma changes you. Whatever is needed to survive, damn the rest. Especially with how long it had been again. Even our memories fade. It was...it was just something we didn't mention after a while, because even though it changed us all, some of us just wanted to pretend that it had never happened. That's why we're all finally talking about it. As for me, I think that is all you need to hear from me. We want to avoid getting too personal, and I was not as involved.

Simon: Thank you.

[end recording]

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Recording of an Interview with Wales, the 15th of February 2022, Interviewed and Transcribed by Maria Simon.

[start recording]

Maria Simon: 15th of February, 2022. Interview with Wales about the Norman Conquest. I didn't expect to hear from you since you aren't English.

Wales: Well, one should remember I wasn't even *technically* alive yet, it was Gwynedd, but I have those memories, and I think of it as me and...England was softer then, and I have to remember that, and I want to talk about it. Don't take the idea of England being softer to mean that he was not a country; he still was, but he was kind. I had only been vaguely aware, but Normandy forced England to have new loyalties. Even before, he had only been part Celtic, the odd one out. Normandy, she sort of gave him the Norman identity and a family to be associated with that. It...it would be nice if she hadn't cut off his wings, isolated him, and then taken over everything she did. She wasn't trying to give him a place to belong.

Simon: She sounds awful, based on everything I have heard. Why had none of this been recorded before?

WLS: No one likes to write about their countryhuman being abused. Besides, from what I remember, Normandy kept that out of the public eye. Her control over him was flaunted to countryhumans. It was a warning and a threat. I still remember how she liked to sit on her throne, pet his head, and talk as if he were not there. England doesn't talk about that much. But...it was clear that he was being abused, that Normandy had forced submission while fostering adoration.

Simon: Why do you think he loved her, if that is not too personal?

WLS: Why does Britain love England, and Britain's children love him? I don't know how she got England to love her, but once she did...well, it's amazing what you can do to hide the abuse.

Simon: Others have mentioned or implied that Normandy started a cycle, so to speak.

WLS: I think that there's a truth in that. Removing the countryhuman stuff, Normandy wrecked England emotionally. We could all see it. I remember when I was made to live with them for the first time. England...he was very dependent on her. Changed

himself for his so-called mother. It was scary, but looking back, it was his way of surviving, and I can't blame him for that. Normandy killed Merica and me because we refused to pretend that she was his mother. Knowing that, I see why he would obey, the way he was terrified of her, whether he downplayed it or ignored it. But...if he hadn't been so messed up by that, if he had been given time to recover from that abuse, to be given a better model of parenting that wasn't tainted by later abuse, maybe he could have been a better parent. But he wasn't, and he fucked up Britain, and Britain fucked up his skids, and some of those kids fucked up their kids. Maybe it would have happened regardless, but we have all attributed Normandy to be the start of it all.

Simon: I see. It's a heavy topic.

WLS: Yeah. I wouldn't go asking anyone about it willy nilly, but...I don't know, I think it's good for breaking the lie we had been telling, and through that, helped England finally heal. We hope. All sorts of new wounds have opened, but we think we might finally be really working through it.

Simon: Well, thank you for speaking with us.

WLS: No problem.

[end recording]